EVERYDAY READING

PEARSON AND HUNT

BOOK ONE

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EVERYDAY READING

BOOK ONE

BY

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EVERYDAY READING BOOK ONE

E.P. I

MADE IN U.S.A.

PREFACE

RECENT investigations and scientific studies show that reading is a highly specialized process; that there are numerous types of reading, for the best development of which special training is necessary; and that fully ninety per cent of all reading is done silently.

The purpose of these readers is to train pupils to read well silently. They provide selections that will give specific training in the important types of everyday reading which the pupil will need to use, and likewise contain practical exercises that will be helpful in building fundamental reading skills. The following are some of the more important types of everyday reading which are treated in these readers:

1. Rapid reading for pleasure.
2. Careful reading to get the exact thought.
3. Reading to get the main idea.
4. Reading for the purpose of preparing outlines.
5. Reading to get the answers to specific questions.
6. Selections that will give training in rapid reading.
7. Selections that will afford training in the kind of reading necessary in the study of geography, history, science, and arithmetic.
8. Exercises that will train the eyes to see several words at a glance.
9. Various kinds of exercises for increasing the vocabulary.

The limited amount of material that this series of readers contains should not be expected alone to develop good habits of reading and study. It ought, however, to point

the way to methods of procedure which, if applied in all other reading, will be permanently helpful.

Most of the current sets of readers emphasize literary material and neglect the other types that pupils need to know in order to meet the problems of actual experience. These books, therefore, are not designed to take the place of any basal readers that a school may be using, but rather to supplement such readers.

The primary purpose of this silent reader is not the development of literary appreciation. Emphasis has been given, rather, to informative material, since such material is especially well adapted to the testing of accuracy and speed of reading. A great variety of material is provided, some for rapid reading, some for careful and exact study, some for the selection of the main ideas, and some for topical analysis. In general the selections are easy, so that pupils may not be unduly handicapped by linguistic difficulties. Constant emphasis is given to the fact that the fundamental purpose of all reading is to get thought from the printed page.

The *Manual for Everyday Reading, Books One, Two, and Three* gives such explicit and complete instructions for the use of all material that inexperienced teachers can get gratifying results. For the experienced teacher it offers workable devices to help the very poor pupils, and suggestions for obtaining variety in teaching procedure.

Careful directions are given the teacher which will enable her to measure the ability of each pupil in speed and comprehension. Numerous passages for testing are provided in the texts and explained in the manual by which the reading ability of each member of the class may be learned, and by which progress during the year may be measured. As there is great waste in mass instruction, for the same method may not be used effectively on widely different pupils, the teacher is directed specifically how to divide

a class into groups according to reading ability, and how to meet the special needs of each group.

In addition to the discussion of the general problems of reading, the manual contains detailed suggestions for lesson plans. Every selection is explained, its type and its relation to other types made clear, and its teaching methods suggested.

The employment of *Book One* of this series will be found to be generally adapted to the fourth-year work; but local conditions may be such that a year's variation either way is advisable.

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EVERYDAY READING

BOOK ONE

1. WHY THE WOODPECKER BORES FOR ITS FOOD

The Indians used to tell their children this story. Read it carefully so that you may be able to tell it to children of a lower grade.

ONCE upon a time, the Great Spirit left the Happy Hunting Ground and came to earth. He took the form of a poor, hungry man. He went from wigwam to wigwam, asking for food.

Sometimes he found the Indians sitting around the fire, telling stories and talking of the Great Spirit. Then the man would pass by unseen.

One day he came to a wigwam in which a woman was baking cakes.

"I am very hungry," the man said. "Will you please give me a cake?"

The woman looked at the man and then at the cake. She saw that it was too large to give away.

She said, "I will not give you this cake, but I will bake you one if you will wait."

The hungry man said, "I will wait."

Then the woman took a small piece of dough and made it into a cake and baked it. When she took this cake from the coals, it was larger than the first.

Again the woman looked at her cake. Again she saw it was too large to give away. Again she said, "I will not give you this one, but I will bake you one if you will wait."

Again the man said, "I will wait."

This time the woman took a very, very tiny bit of dough and made it into a cake.

"Surely, this will be small enough to give away," she thought, yet when baked it was larger than both the others.

The woman stood and looked at the three cakes. Each was too large to give away.

"I will not give you any of the cakes," she said to the man. "Go to the woods, and find your food in the bark of trees."

Then the man stood up and threw off his ragged blanket and worn moccasins. His face shone like the sun, and he was very beautiful. The woman shrank into the shadow of the wigwam, for she could not look upon his face.

"I am the Great Spirit," said he, "and you are a selfish woman. Women should be kind, generous, and unselfish. You shall no longer be a woman and live in a warm wigwam, with plenty of cakes to bake. You shall go to the forest and hunt your food in the bark of trees. Summer and winter, you shall eat worms of the same size as the cake you would have made for me."

The woman began to grow smaller and smaller. Feathers grew upon her body, and wings sprang from it. The Great Spirit touched her head, and it became red.

"Always shall you wear this red hood," he said, "as a mark of your shame. Always shall you hide from man. Always shall you hunt for little worms, the size of the cake you would have made for me."

A Woodpecker

At this a sharp cry was heard, and a bird flew about the wigwam, into the smoke, and out of the smoke-opening in the roof. As she passed out, the soot left those long streaks of black which we see now on the woodpecker's back.

Ever since then, the woodpecker has had a red head, and has been hiding from man on the farther side of the tree trunk, and boring in the bark for little worms.

— From *Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children*, by Mabel Powers.[1]

Can you tell the meanings of the following words clearly, or use them correctly in new sentences?

shrank generous streaks boring shame

[1] Copyright, 1917, by Mabel Powers, American Book Company, publishers.

2. ROBINSON CRUSOE IS SHIPWRECKED

This selection will give you practice in learning to read rapidly. Remember, however, that it is more important to get the facts than to read fast.

Wait for your teacher's directions before you begin.

FOR many days after we set sail the weather was clear but very hot. Then a terrible storm came out of the southeast. I had seen many storms, but never one like that.

We were driven out of our course, and for twelve days and nights we knew not where we were going. The waves were like mountains. We stayed in the cabin. Every man expected that before night he would be at the bottom of the sea.

Then the clouds cleared away, the wind died down, and we went outside to find out where we were. One of the men shouted, "Land over there!" But just as he said it, the ship ran hard upon a bank of sand. The great waves rolled over us. We should all have been washed away if we had not hurried back into the cabin.

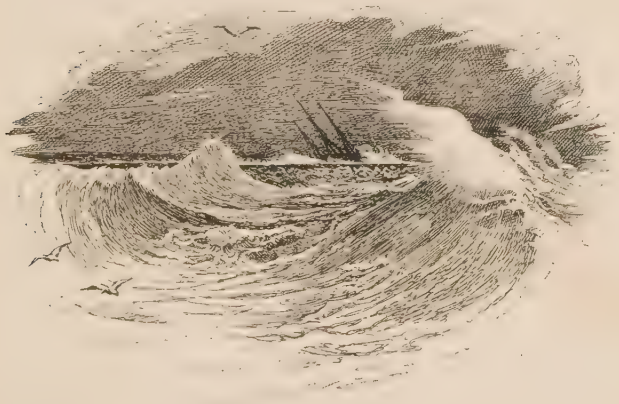
We could not get the ship off the sand, and our best lifeboat had been carried away in the storm. There seemed to be nothing for us to do but wait for the wind and waves to beat our ship to pieces. We looked at one

another in helpless despair. At last the mate cried out: "There is one lifeboat still left to us. Let us swing it over."

We rushed to help him. In spite of the terrible waves we soon had the small boat over the side, out in the black, angry water. We climbed over and dropped down into the lifeboat. But none of us believed it could float in a sea like that.

We rowed with all our might toward the shore we saw not far away. But as we came near it, a great wave came rolling over us. Before any one could speak or even think, our boat was upset and each of us was struggling in the angry water.

— Adapted from *Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe.



3. HE SAW IT IN THE MOVIES

As you read this story, you will wonder what it has to do with the movies. Near the end you will see why this title is used. Do you think it is a good title? Can you suggest a better one?

YESTERDAY I got one, to-day I got three, and to-morrow I'll get six." It was Joe Mason who was boasting. He sat behind the lilacs with two chums, Carl and Frank. They were all eating apples.

"But aren't you afraid you will get caught? Aren't you afraid the policeman will get you?" Frank asked timidly.

"I'm not afraid of anybody," Joe said loudly. "There's no policeman in our town that can run as fast as I can."

The boys finished their apples, and ran off to play ball. Joe was their hero, and when he went home to supper he felt bigger and braver than ever before.

The next afternoon he was as good as his word. Three times he slipped up to Tony Carillo's fruit stand,

and each time he dashed away with an apple in each hand. And now he was sitting proudly behind the lilacs with the fruit piled up before him, waiting for Frank and Carl. He did not notice the big shadow that fell across the grass until he heard the heavy voice that said, "Young man, what have you been doing?" He looked up and caught sight of Murphy, the policeman. In his terror he crouched to the ground, but before he had time to run away a mighty hand had seized him by the collar and held him fast. "No, you don't. You young thief, you come along with me."

It was not pleasant to Joe to be called a thief — Joe, who thought himself the smartest boy on the block. It was not pleasant either to be dragged out of his father's dooryard or to be led helplessly past Frank and Carl, who watched him with pale faces as they came around the corner.

When they reached the courthouse, the policeman told Joe to go into the detention room and wait for the judge. Murphy locked the door behind him. Joe found himself in a big, bare place with dusty wooden benches. He sat down. The room smelled as if many people had been sleeping in it. Over the rusty iron stove bent an unshaven old man who was either asleep or drunk, or both. In a corner crouched a young woman in dirty clothes, whose face was scratched as if she had been fighting.

"Thief! thief!" was the word that kept sounding

in Joe's mind. The policeman had called him a thief, and these were thieves, too. It had not occurred to Joe that this was the kind of company he would belong to if the judge should decide that he really was a thief. This room was not at all the kind of place he would care to stay in, and yet the judge might decide that he must remain, or, possibly, go to a place that was worse. Joe did not know what a real prison looked like, but he thought of it as small, and dark, and confined. Even to have this door locked was not agreeable. Joe had never been locked up before in his life.

After what seemed a long time the policeman came for Joe. He took the boy into a small room, where the judge asked him to sit down. The policeman stood beside them. The judge was a fine and stern old man, but he looked as if he would be fair.

"Joe," he said, "Mr. Murphy tells me you have been stealing."

"No, sir," said Joe faintly, "I only took a few apples."

"Were they your apples?"

"No, sir."

"They were Mr. Carillo's apples. If you took what did not belong to you, you were certainly stealing. Did you realize that Tony Carillo is a poor man, and cannot afford to have his apples stolen?"

"No, sir."

"Did you need the apples?"

"No, sir. My mother gives me all the apples I want." For the first time Joe realized that he needed his mother, and he looked around wildly, but she was not there.

"Would your father like to have you steal apples?"

"No, sir. My father is an honest man. He would never take anything that did not belong to him. I have heard him say so."

"I am glad to hear that, Joe. Would you like to have your father know what you have been doing?"

"Oh, no, sir, not my father or my mother either," cried Joe in despair.

"Would you like to have your neighbors know that you had to be shut up because you were a thief?"

"Oh, sir, please don't shut me up! I'll never do it again."

"Tell me, Joe," continued the judge, without answering the boy's appeal, "just why you took Tony's apples."

"I saw it in the movies," said Joe, "A boy took apples and the cop couldn't catch him and I thought I —" Joe held his head down, "I guess I thought I'd show the boys that I was as smart as he was."

The judge nodded his head. "I thought so," he said to himself.

"Joe," said the judge finally, "you have done a mean thing. You are a boy who knew better. For your parents' sake, and for your sake, I will give you a chance.

You may go home, and tell your father and mother what you have done, and you may ask your father how you can earn money enough to pay Tony for his apples. You must come to see me once a week until you have repaid Tony, and then you can go free. Then I shall be more sure that you will not do this sort of thing again."

Joe sat still a moment. The judge was asking him to do the hardest thing he had ever done in his life, but what he was asking was perfectly fair.

Joe rose slowly to his feet. "I'll do it, sir, and I'll try to pay Tony this very week."

The judge reached over and shook his hand.

— Adapted from *The Honesty Book*.[1]

1. Here are three words that may be new to you:

crouched detention confined

Find each one in the story, and guess what it means from its use in the sentence.

2. Now look for these words in the dictionary. Were you right?

[1] This article is adapted from *The Honesty Book*, compiled by Dr. William Byron Forbush, and issued by the National Honesty Bureau, which was founded by William B. Joyce, Chairman of the National Surety Company of New York.

4. BUZZ

Often you can find time for a game during the class hour, especially if it is a game that helps the regular study. Here is one that many children have liked and found helpful. Read the rules carefully and play it. The faster the game is played, the more fun it will be.

ONE player starts by saying, "One." The next says, "Two"; the next, "Three"; and so on until the number seven is reached. The player who would say, "Seven," says, "Buzz," instead.

The next player says, "Eight," and so on until fourteen is reached, for which Buzz is again used. Buzz must be used for each product in the multiplication table of sevens. Whenever you come to a number with seven in it, such as seventeen, you must also say, "Buzz." For seventy-seven you say, "Buzz-Buzz."

Stop the count at eighty-four.

When any one fails to say, "Buzz," at the right time, or says it at the wrong time, one point is scored against him, or against his side if the players are arranged in sides. If any one calls a wrong number, this also counts one point against him. The side having the smaller score is the winner.

5. GETTING THE MEANING AT A GLANCE

The faster you read, the better, if you get the meaning. This lesson gives you a chance to see how fast you can read. You will have to get the meaning too. Therefore, look sharp. Do exactly what the teacher tells you to do. If you do not finish one question before the next direction is given, leave it and go ahead.

1. The boy was running.
2. The sky was clear.
3. The boat was not empty.
4. He played out of doors.
5. The apple was in his hand.
6. The dog was black and white.
7. Our cat has four kittens.
8. They rode in the wagon.
9. He slept until morning.
10. He stood on two feet.

6. WHY WE LOVE OUR TREES

We love our trees because they are very valuable. Make a list of the things you enjoy that are made from or produced by trees. Now read this selection very carefully. When you have finished, close the book and add to your list any suggestions that come from this article. Then look over the selection again to see that you have not omitted from your list any important item.

NOTHING in all the plant world is so loved by everybody as our trees. On a hot day their cool green leaves give us delightful shelter. Their beauty never ceases to delight us, whether in the spring when the delicate green leaves are just learning to dance in the wind, or in the summer when they are full grown, or in the fall when Jack Frost has painted them with red and gold.

Though we love trees for their beauty, let us not forget how useful they are. Of course everybody knows that all our lumber comes from trees. What a strange world this would be without lumber! It is used to make our furniture, the floors and other parts of our houses,

matches, boxes, and hundreds of other everyday articles. The paper of this book which you are reading was made from small trees. The maple sugar that we all enjoy comes from the sap of the sugar maple tree. Then there are the apples, peaches, pears, chestnuts, walnuts, and other fruits and nuts which every boy and girl enjoys.

Hundreds of strange trees grow in other parts of the world and produce for us many useful articles. The rubber that we use in many ordinary articles is made from the sap of the rubber tree. Our coffee, chocolate, and cocoa come from the seeds of trees. From distant countries we get olive oil, spices, cork, camphor, and quinine, all of which are products of different trees.

Even if we could get along without all these things, we should find it hard to live if all the trees of the world were destroyed, for trees have a great influence on the fertility of the soil. Falling leaves decay and form a leaf mold which makes one of the richest of soils. Furthermore, our forests are very helpful in preventing floods. The forests hold back the heavy rains and melting snow so that their waters do not rush down the mountain sides too fast and fill our streams and rivers to overflowing.

Trees are the longest-lived and largest living things on the earth. In California there are several forests of giant trees. One of these trees is three hundred feet high and is estimated to be three thousand years old.

Some scientists believe that trees do not die from old age, but only from injury and disease.

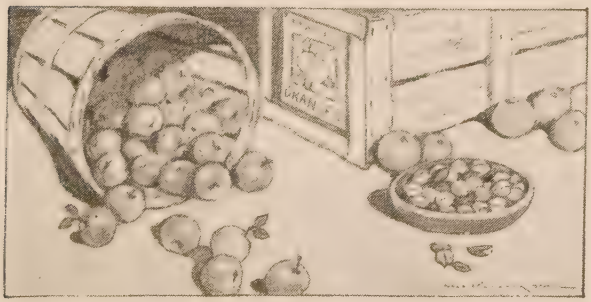
Because trees live so much longer than human beings, many of them have become noted in history. You may have read in your histories about the Charter Oak at Hartford, Connecticut, in which, it was said, the Connecticut Charter was hidden when it was demanded by the English government in early colonial days. This old tree blew down in 1856. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, there was in 1776 a large elm tree under which George Washington is supposed to have taken command of the American Army. This famous old tree, called the Washington Elm, was loved and protected by Americans until it fell in 1923.

1. Write what you think these words mean:

fertility estimated produce

Then look in the dictionary to see if you were right.

2. Use each word in a sentence of your own.

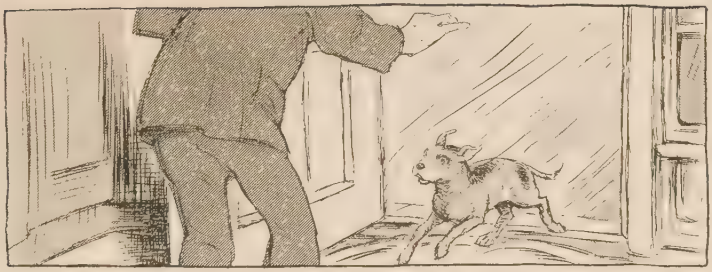


7. THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL WORDS

In finding out what a sentence means, a small word is often very important. Read the first sentence, using *if* to connect the two parts. Then read it again, using *unless*. How does this change the meaning? Now read the other sentences in the same way.

1. John will come home to-morrow (*if*, *unless*) he is sick.
2. The boat was (*surely*, *hardly*) large enough for six people.
3. The pupils worked well (*while*, *until*) they talked.
4. Everybody will stay here (*if*, *until*) dinner is ready.
5. The team played well (*until*, *although*) the captain was hurt.
6. Keep off the track (*when*, *until*) the bell rings.
7. We will go (*if*, *although*) you are the leader.
8. The rat jumped (*because*, *before*) the cat could catch him.
9. We always enjoy walking (*if*, *unless*) it rains.
10. When he saw the storm coming, he knew the boat would (*hardly*, *surely*) reach the harbor.

Read the first sentence, putting in another word (not *if* or *unless*) which you think will fit. Is the meaning the same? What difference does the new word make in the meaning? Do the same with the other sentences.



8. LITTLE MAN FRIDAY

As you read this story of a boy's dog, compare the qualities of this dog with those of some other dog that you know.

A good reader can read this story in about twelve or thirteen minutes. Look at the clock before you begin and find out how long it takes you.

ONE stormy Friday morning, Mr. Ames, on opening his door, found on the porch a wet, shivering, shaking, forlorn little puppy. He was hungry, he was cold, and probably he was frightened, but he didn't show it, if he was. He walked with shivery joy to meet Mr. Ames, and lifted his bright eyes, gazing at him with that undying trust that is found only in the eyes of a boy's dog.

Mr. Ames, as he stepped quickly back to avoid the rain, exclaimed, "Well, where on earth did you come from?"

The puppy, to avoid further wetting, slipped inside without answering the question, with the air of saying, "Yes, thank you, I will come in and rest awhile, since you press me so!" Then he walked across the room

toward the stove. But his muddy feet left a number of tracks on the creamy whiteness of the kitchen floor; and Mrs. Ames — bustling and indignant — was making some threats about putting "that horrid little beast right out of there!" when Harry came in. The moment the bold blue eyes of the boy met the bright brown eyes of the dog, they understood each other — each recognized in the other his missing chum.

"Oh, mother!" cried Harry, "I want him!"

And Mrs. Ames, turning the pancakes with a slap, replied that he might "go right on wanting!" If he wanted a dog, he'd better wait and get a good one, "not a poor, miserable thing like that!"

But Harry persisted, and when he saw the tracks on the floor he cried out: "Oh, please, mother, please let him stay just to-day, to play Man Friday when I'm Robinson Crusoe! See his nice footprints already made — and you won't let me go to school to-day — and I have to play with something!" and so on; and Mrs. Ames, vowing that she would never consent, consented, of course.

The little waif, with rare good sense, had meanwhile withdrawn behind the cozy kitchen stove, where the pleasant warmth was stopping his shivers. When Harry placed before him a dish of warm bread and milk, the hungry little chap cleaned the dish. Then, stretching himself out behind the stove, he slept like a small log until the children came from the dining room and called

him to take his part in "Robinson Crusoe." But before beginning that, they had to perform the important duty of naming him; and considering the day of the week and the part he was to play for them, they thought that Little Man Friday would be a suitable name. Mrs. Ames, for different reasons, quite agreed with them, for she declared that Friday was the worst day of the week, and the puppy was the worst-looking dog she ever saw — taking the sting off her words, however, by placing a basin of drinking water in the corner for him.

And so the little wanderer had suddenly found for himself a home and a name. While he was known as Little Man Friday to the children, to the neighbors he was known as Little Friday Ames.

His ears were a bit jagged on the edges because of his too ready obedience to Harry's "sick 'ems." Man Friday was not heavy enough to be a successful fighter — not strong enough; he almost always got whipped; but that made no difference to him. A "s-s-sick 'em" to a dog is what a dare is to a boy, and being a boy's dog, Friday couldn't take a dare. Had Harry "sicked" him at a royal Bengal tiger, he would have done his loyal, idiotic little best to tackle the awful beast.

It was surprising, the amount of knowledge the dog gained in two years. Every boy in the neighborhood knew Friday was worth his weight in gold as a finder of lost balls. He could carry canes, and bring sticks out of

the water. He walked on his hind legs, sat up badly, and smoked a pipe worse, and was a grateful dog that these three tricks were required of him only on wet Saturday afternoons.

Like all intelligent dogs, he could measure time very well. Every morning he escorted the children to the school-yard gate, there giving up to Sue the small bag containing the primer, slate, and apples that in those days were considered the beginning of every young person's education. This surrender was, of course, not made peacefully — every boy's dog will understand that. Man Friday, when bidden to give up the bag, growled as savagely as a full mouth would permit, and quite properly jerked the bag away from the hand held out for it. A struggle always followed, in which some very dreadful blows had to be inflicted by Sue's chubby hands, while the delighted tots looking on screamed with glee: "Oh, he's goin' to bite! Yes, he is, too — he's goin' to bite!"

And then Sue boldly seized upon the long tail, and Little Friday Ames dropped the bag to defend himself, while, with shrieks of triumph, the bag was snatched up. His duty of amusing the children done, he turned and trotted home alone, wisely attending to any visiting of his own during that period of quiet.

Truth to tell, Man Friday had but few friends of his own race. Gentlemen's big, well-bred dogs looked down on him, while he simply hated ladies' dogs. But

he had one chum, another boy's dog, that he was really fond of. This chum lived in another yard, and went to school with his boy. His name was Terror, which was shortened to Terry for everyday use.

And Terry, a black, long-legged, long-nosed freak of a bulldog, was Little Man Friday's closest friend, and they often met at a German restaurant. They both were sober dogs, but this shop was midway between the two schools, and therefore convenient for both. There they could retire into the back yard and crawl under a grindstone, and in its cool shadow, discuss everything.

But never, never, even in Terry's company, did Little Man Friday fail to keep "tab" on the flying moments. Never once did the yell of the first boy out of school fail to be answered by the shrill ki-yi, ki-yi of Little Friday Ames, who was outside the school-yard gate, ready for duty — for leaps over clasped hands, for races, for tearing imaginary game from the unwilling earth, or for fighting anything he was "sicked" at.

One day I heard the rattle of gravel flung from flying feet, and saw Man Friday tear around the house, up the porch steps, and into the kitchen, where he flung himself against Mrs. Ames with yelps such as I had never heard from him before. He seemed wild with excitement and fear — his eyes so widely strained that they showed the bloodshot whites, his body shivering, froth about his jaws! Mrs. Ames rushed toward the

door, crying out, "He's mad — as sure's you're alive, he is!"

But I had risen; and, looking beyond Man Friday into space, I was startled by an awful thought: "The children!"

Friday gave another bound against her, then rushed out to the head of the steps. Looking back and seeing that he was not followed, he sat down suddenly, lifted his head, and gave forth a long howl.

"Mercy me!" Mrs. Ames exclaimed, "The dog's alone!" Then she called loudly: "Harry! Harry! Susie! Sue!"

At these names Little Friday sprang down the steps and, barking furiously, rushed to the gate. When Mrs. Ames did not follow, Man Friday returned, caught her apron in his teeth, and running backward, tried to pull her to the porch.

Then we knew something was wrong. She and I rushed out, and the passers-by saw two terrified women apparently playing tag with a common yellow dog in the public street; but then, appearances are very deceptive things sometimes.

We had not far to go, only to the next corner, and there Little Friday, after looking back to see if we followed, turned the corner. My mind was working fast. Where were the children likely to go in that street to play? Mr. Brown's private stable? — there was a pony there! No, Friday had passed Mr. Brown's house.

To the lot where there was a house being built? Nothing could happen there; the men would see to that. The men? The men? Had I not heard that work had been stopped there for some days? Friday had turned in there, his barkings telling me, at least, that he was digging. A mass of fallen sand at the foot of a little cliff — at one end a crowd of small footprints all pointing the same way, telling plainly of a childish stampede, Sue's little hat on the ground, and devoted, frantic Man Friday digging like mad! That was what we saw when we turned into the open lot.

After that it seemed a sort of nightmare: the summoning of help, the digging, the cautions to be careful not to hurt the children with the shovels should they really be there, the prayers and sobs of Mrs. Ames; and through it all the panting breath of Little Man Friday digging all the time! Then there was a cry from the mother. The dog had uncovered a bit of Sue's pink dress! Then, leaving her to stronger helpers, Friday turned away to win his final triumph! Looking at the digging men, his manner saying as plain as day: "Oh, those men! Why don't they put their noses to the sand and find my boy's trail before they dig like this?" He nosed along the sand, and then suddenly began a fierce digging at a spot quite removed from the men, while he barked with all the strength he had left!

"Oh," I cried, "see Little Man Friday! You are in the wrong place — I am sure — Man Friday says so!"

The men looked up at one another. Every moment told; an instant wasted might mean life or death! Yet the dog seemed so sure he was on the right track that Little Man Friday was accepted at once as their guide, and boss. Presently the rescued children lay upon the ground, their nearly suffocated little faces turned upward to the blessed light and air, while Man Friday ran from one to the other, noisily barking his song of joy at their rescue.

When the children were removed to their home and put to bed, Harry called rather weakly, "Friday! Friday!" and at that call poor Friday simply lost his wits. He howled, he leaped, he barked, he chased his own tail round and round until he fell over, a helpless heap of joy!

As we sat at dinner that day, Mrs. Ames said in her determined manner:

"James, I want a piece of the breast of that chicken, and plenty of gravy, too. And what is more, please put it on that gilt-edged plate."

And then she rose with her grimmest air, and, walking to the kitchen, she placed the plate before the surprised dog — who up to that time had eaten from a tin pie-pan — and remarked, "The best I have is what you'll get, little man, the rest of your days!"

— From *Little Jim Crow*, by CLARA MORRIS.[1]

[1] Reprinted by special arrangement with The Century Company, publishers.

9. HOW TO CARE FOR BOOKS

Now that you are learning how to read books, you will wish to know how to take good care of them.

Read this selection very carefully. Then take a sheet of paper and write the correct answer, *yes* or *no*, to each of the questions at the end of the selection.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he often walked miles to borrow a book that he wished to read. You may be sure he read it carefully and took good care of it.

In these days books are plentiful and easy to get. Your parents, your school, and the public library keep you well supplied. How much better off you are than Lincoln was!

In spite of this, books cost money, and they wear out quickly if not handled properly. Every boy and girl, therefore, should realize the value of books, and should be willing to take good care of them. The following are suggestions to be kept in mind.

1. When opening a new book, do not bend the covers back so far as to break the binding. If you do, the leaves may get loose and fall out.

2. If the book belongs to you, it is well to write your name on the flyleaf. Do not, however, mark it elsewhere unless absolutely necessary. You should take pride in keeping your books neat and clean.

Never mark in any way a book that does not belong to you.

3. Never handle any book when your hands are wet or dirty. Never wet your thumb or finger to turn a page. It is a filthy habit.

4. When you strap your books together, do not pull the strap so tight that the edges of the book covers will be broken.

5. Keep your books away from dirty places. Do not leave them on the floor, in the street, or on the sidewalk.

6. When you wish to mark your place in a book, use a proper bookmark — a piece of paper, a small card, or a ribbon. Do not turn down the corner of a leaf. Never close a book with a pencil between the leaves, or lay the book face down. This may break the binding.

QUESTIONS

1. Was it easy for Lincoln to borrow books?

2. Does this selection tell you how many books Lincoln owned?

3. Is it well to bend back the covers of a new book?

4. Do the leaves of a new book ever get loose?

5. Is it proper for me to draw pictures on the flyleaf of my book?

6. Will it injure books to strap them together tightly?

7. Is it proper to wet the finger to turn a page?

8. Does this selection advise you to use a pencil for a bookmark?

9. On his way home from school, a boy threw his books on the sidewalk and started to play ball. Was this right?

10. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S FIRST NIGHT ON SHORE

We often need to read a selection rapidly, but we should never read so fast that we do not make an effort to get the meaning. Read this selection, therefore, rapidly but well.

Do not begin until you are told to do so by your teacher.

AT last I found myself on a wild and lonely shore. No living thing could be seen anywhere. I was hungry, wet, and tired. How was I to live in a place like that? I could dry myself in the sun, but what was I to do for food and drink? And how could I defend myself from the wild beasts which very likely were all around me?

I had no gun or weapon of any kind. I was all alone. The thought drove me almost crazy. It was better to be drowned as all the others were than to be left in such a plight. I had nothing left to me but the poor clothes I had on, and a knife, a pipe, and a little box of tobacco which I found in a pocket of my jacket.

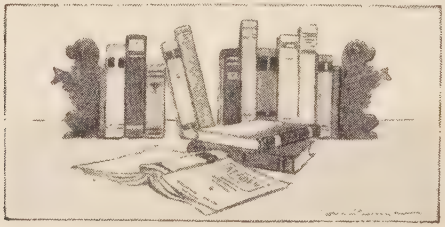
It began to grow dark and I had to take care of myself in some way. I was afraid of the wild beasts which wander about at night in search of prey.

The only shelter of any kind that I could see was a thick, bushy tree on which grew long thorns. I walked

toward it to see how I could make it into a safe and comfortable place for the night. Not far from it, to my joy, I found a spring of cool, fresh water. Most thankfully I knelt beside it and drank.

I cut for myself a short, thick stick for defense in case anything should come to harm me. Then I climbed up into the tree. I placed myself on the branches so that I should not fall out if by chance I should go to sleep. I was very tired, and I soon fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke it was morning, and the sun was shining bright and warm.

— Adapted from *Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe.



11. THE WISHING TABLE

This is a fairy tale that you may not have read before. You will wish to read it quickly just to see what happens.

A COUNTRY tailor had three sons and a goat. These sons used to take turns in taking the goat out to feed.

One day the oldest son took her to a churchyard, where she ate her fill of sweet grass. On the way home at night he asked her, "My goat, have you had enough to eat?"

And she answered:

Not a blade could I touch,
I have eaten so much.

When she was safely back in her stable, the old tailor asked his son if the goat had had enough to eat. The son replied:

Not a blade could she touch,
She had eaten so much.

The old man wanted to see for himself, so he went to the stable and asked her if she had had enough to eat. To his great surprise she answered:

How can I but hungry feel,
As round the little graves I steal
And fail to get a proper meal?

The tailor was very angry; and running back to his son he cried out to him, "You have told me a lie in saying that the goat had plenty to eat, while all the time she is hungry!" Then he beat his son and drove him out of the house.

The next day the second son took the goat out to feed, and the very same thing happened, and the angry father drove him out of doors too. On the next day the third son took the goat to feed, and the same thing happened again, and the father drove him away as he had the other two.

The old tailor was now left alone, and he had to take the goat out himself. He watched her and saw that she ate well. On the way home at night he asked her, "Have you had enough to eat?"

The goat replied:

> Not a blade could I touch,
> I have eaten so much.

Then he put her into the stable and tied her; but before leaving her he asked, "Are you quite sure that you have had enough to eat for once?"

To his great surprise the goat gave the same answer that it had given to each of his three sons before he drove them away:

> How can I but hungry feel,
> As round the little graves I steal
> And fail to get a proper meal?

The tailor almost fell to the ground with remorse when he saw how unjust he had been to his three sons. He was so angry with the goat that he took his whip and drove the little beast away.

After the father had driven the oldest son from home, the boy went to a joiner's shop, where he spent many months learning the trade. When he had finished, the master was so pleased with him that he gave him a table. It looked just like any other table, but there was one strange thing about it. If any one said to it, "Serve up a meal," at once it was covered with a white cloth, with knives and forks and all kinds of nice things to eat.

The young man saw that he would never be in need of food, so he decided to go back to his father. On the way home he had to stay one night at an inn where there were many other people. They asked him to share their supper, but he replied, "I will give you a supper instead."

Then he set his table down in the middle of the room, and said, "Serve up a meal, Table." At once it was covered with all kinds of nice things to eat in pretty dishes. The people sat down and ate of everything as much as they wanted. While they were eating, the man who kept the inn said to himself, "I could make good use of that table, myself."

After all the other people had gone to bed, the bad man who kept the inn stole the magic table from the

young man and put another in its place. This table looked just like the other, so the tailor's son never had a thought that it was not his own.

When the son reached home the old father was very glad to see him, but at once asked him why he was carrying that old table on his back. He told his father that it was a wishing table, and asked him to invite in some of his friends to see how wonderful it was. A great many came, and when all was ready he said to the table, "Serve up a meal." To his great surprise nothing at all came. He saw the table had been changed for another, and was so ashamed when they all laughed at him that he ran away again.

The second son of the tailor, after being driven from home, went into a mill and learned to make flour. When he had learned all he could and was going away, the miller, who liked him very much, gave him a donkey. It looked like any other donkey, but the miller said there was one strange thing about it: you had only to make it stand on a cloth and call out, "Bricklebrit," and a shower of gold would fall out of its mouth.

The young miller took the donkey and started to go back to his father, for he saw that he would be a rich man all the rest of his life. On the way, he had to stay all night at the same inn at which his brother had stayed. He ate his supper and was going to pay for it, but found that he had no money in his pocket. He told

the man who kept the inn to wait a minute while he went to get some. He then went to the stable, carrying a tablecloth with him. But the innkeeper quietly followed him and peeped through the keyhole to see what he was doing. He saw the young man put the cloth on the ground, make the donkey stand on it, and then heard him say, "Bricklebrit." A shower of gold fell from the donkey's mouth at the magic word. In the night when every one was asleep, the wicked innkeeper went to the stable, led the golden donkey away, and put an ordinary donkey in its place.

When the young miller reached home, his old father was very glad to see him, but did not like the donkey. The son told his father what a wonderful animal it was and asked him to call in some of his friends to see what it could do. When they came the young miller put the cloth on the floor, led the donkey upon it, and called out, "Bricklebrit." But of course no gold came. He saw at once that a trick had been played on him and, not liking to be laughed at, went away.

The third son of the tailor had learned some other work after his father had driven him away. When he had finished, his master gave him a bag with a big club inside of it, saying to him, "When any one is cruel to you, just cry, 'Out of the bag, Club,' and it will jump out and beat your enemy until you say, 'Back into the bag, Club.'"

This son also started to go back to his father. He

likewise had to stay one night at the inn where his brothers had been so badly used. He put the club on the table near him when he ate his supper, and told the innkeeper that it was worth more than all the tables and all the donkeys in the world. He wanted to punish the wicked man for treating his brothers so badly.

Then the young man went to bed and put the bag under his head for a pillow. When the innkeeper thought that every one was asleep, he crept softly to the young man's room and tried to pull the bag away. The young man was not asleep, and cried, "Out of the bag, Club." In a moment the club was out and was beating the wicked man soundly. "It will never stop until you give me the table and the donkey you stole from my brothers," cried the young man. To get rid of the club that was beating him the innkeeper was glad to return what he had stolen.

The son then went home and sent for his two brothers. They came, and he gave them back the table and the donkey. Soon there was a fine meal on the table, and gold enough for all of them fell from the mouth of the donkey. The old tailor did not have to work any more, and he and his sons lived happily ever after.

— Adapted from *The Book of Knowledge*.[1]

[1] This story is taken from *The Book of Knowledge* by special permission of the publishers, The Grolier Society, New York.

12. LEARNING TO READ ARITHMETIC EXAMPLES

If you are asked in your arithmetic to do examples like this, "Add 142 and 136," you know exactly what to do. You start to use your pencil at once. But sometimes the example is written like this:

A man drove his automobile 142 miles the first day and 136 miles the second day. How many miles did he drive in the two days?

Then you have to read carefully to find out —

1. What information is given.
2. What information you are to get.
3. What you are to do to get the answer — add, subtract, multiply, or divide.

You do all this before starting to use a pencil at all. In the example given above you add 142 and 136, but you have to read carefully to find that out. That is why learning to *read* arithmetic examples is very important. The examples given below are not to be worked out with a pencil. They are to give you practice in reading to see whether to add, subtract, multiply, or divide.

Take a sheet of paper and write the numbers from 1 to 10 in a column. Then read the first example to decide how you are to get the answer. In the first example you must add, and so you put a + after the 1 on your paper, thus, 1 +. Do the others in the same way. Use the signs +, −, ×, ÷ as you need them.

1. A man walked 34 miles and rode 150 miles on a trip in the mountains. How far did he go in all?

2. My father bought 24 pencils at 4 cents each. How much did he pay for them?

3. If eggs are 30 cents a half dozen, how much does one egg cost?

4. I have 42 dollars in the bank. I can earn 10 more this month, and my uncle has promised me 5 dollars on my birthday to-morrow. How much will I have in all?

5. I drove from my home to Boston, 258 miles. After I had come 126 miles back along the same road, my car broke down. How far was I from home?

6. In a basket there are 128 apples picked by 4 boys. If the apples are shared equally, how many shall each have?

7. If you can advance 3 feet each time you step, how far will you go in 100 steps?

8. If I have one dollar for spending money and spend 40 cents for car fare, what shall I have left?

9. I bought 2 bananas for 5 cents, 5 pounds of sugar for 30 cents, a loaf of bread for 14 cents, and figs for 15 cents. What is the bill?

10. I need a rope to go to the bottom of a well. The well is 45 feet deep. The rope I have is 29 feet long. How much more rope do I need to reach the bottom?

13. HOW A BOY WON A JOB

This is the story of why a boy was selected for a position from among a large number of applicants. Read carefully, and then list on paper the recommendations that won for him the job.

This is a good story for acting. Talk over with your teacher how to prepare to do this.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and many applicants came bringing letters of recommendation. After seeing them all, he quickly selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "why you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

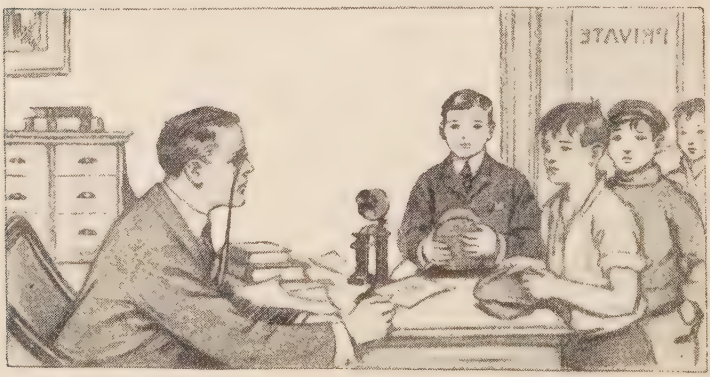
"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions

promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly.

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in good order, and his teeth well kept; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with black, like those of the little boy in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do. I would give more for the way a boy behaves and how he looks than for all the fine letters he can bring me."

What is an applicant? A recommendation?



14. GETTING THE MEANING AT A GLANCE

This lesson is like the one on page 22. You are to see how much you can read at a glance and at the same time get the meaning. Follow exactly the directions the teacher gives you.

1. The frog jumped into the pool.
2. He filled his small basket with nuts.
3. The boat drifted nearer to the rock.
4. James stood on top of the load of hay.
5. The wind blew down the elm tree.
6. The dog barked loudly at the little kitten.
7. The door slammed shut in his face.
8. The bees looked for honey in the flowers.
9. John stood on his head for ten seconds.
10. The teacher laid her book on the desk.

15. WHERE WE GET OUR SUGAR

Three sources from which we get our sugar are mentioned here. Read carefully to find out what these sources are. You will find it helpful to arrange this information in a brief outline.

WHEN I was a boy, the end of the winter term of school always brought an invitation to visit my uncle and aunt on a farm in the New England hills. They needed me, they said, to help make maple sugar. I was always eager to go. On the first fair day, my mother would pack my bag with old clothes and always a pair of high boots. These were the things I should need for sugar making. The stagecoach carried me five miles. The last two miles, I walked up a long hill. The water was running in the brooks, which had been frozen fast. The melting snow was still deep in the woods. The roads were wet and rough, but I could see the white farm house and the big barns with red doors. In the maple grove the smoke was coming from the chimney of the sugar house.

The shepherd dog was always the first to see me. His welcome was doubtful until he was assured by my uncle or aunt that I belonged to the family. I lost no time in visiting the barns to see the white-faced cattle. There were calves of all sizes whose faces were much whiter than mine, my uncle said. The sheep, with an old ram who moved his head in a threatening way, were

in their yard. But these could wait for another time, especially if the oxen were hitched to the big wooden sled and on their way to the sugar bush, as the maple grove was called.

The trees had been already tapped by boring small holes in the trunks, driving in wooden spouts, and hanging pails on the spouts. The warm days had set the sap to running from the roots toward the branches, and some of the sap was running out of the spouts, a drop at a time, into the pails. It was somewhat sweet and good to drink. The oxen drew the sled over the rough road among the trees, while we emptied the heavy buckets into the big barrel on it. If the oxen were old and steady, I drove them, swinging the leather whip back as nearly as I could the way my uncle did.

When the barrel was full, we went with it to the sugar house to empty it into a larger holder there. The inside of the house was white with steam. A pan, four feet wide and twelve feet long, called an evaporator, was full of boiling sap. The sap ran in at one end of the pan from the holder and passed from one division of the evaporator to another, until, when it reached the other end of the pan, it was a thick sirup. The crackling fire was fed with sticks, four feet or more in length, gathered in the winter for the purpose. Watching the boiling was not tiresome. There were eggs to boil in the hot sap, the fire to feed, and the foam to be skimmed from the sap.

If the sirup was to be sold, gallon cans were filled from the pan at the sugar house; but much of the sirup was to be made into sugar. Then the sirup was taken to the house and thickened in a big pan on the kitchen stove. This was called "sugaring off." I was never far away while this was being done, for then the sirup was just right to be put on snow to harden into a very good candy. There was hot sirup, too, with fresh doughnuts and hot biscuits in unfailing quantity.

My aunt was never more busy than at this time. Boiling sirup runs over the top of the pan unless stirred constantly; and when it is ready to become hard sugar, it must be stirred more rapidly in order to make it smooth and not too hard. Much of the hard sugar is now made into small cakes to be sold for candy, but formerly it was put into pails or tubs to use in place of white sugar.

It was not until later that I learned from books about the making of other kinds of sugar. While maple sugar is made in the cool northern part of our country, most of the sugar that we eat is made from sugar cane which grows in hot lands.

Sugar cane is taller than corn, and the stalks are thicker. New plants are grown, not from seed, but from pieces of stalk which are cut from the top of the plant. In the West Indies these pieces of stalk are planted in moist, rich soil, at any time from June to August, and the cane is ready to harvest in about

a year and a half. The stalks are cut close to the ground, and the roots are covered at once with waste and ashes from the sugar mills. The planters say this waste is the best food for sugar cane.

New canes shoot up from the roots. These canes can be cut the next year, but they do not grow so large as the first year canes. Canes are cut from the same roots for two or three years. At last they are so small and contain so little sugar that it does not pay to harvest them.

When the canes are taken to the sugar mills, the leaves and upper joints are stripped off, and the stalks are passed between heavy iron rollers. These rollers press out the sweet juice, which is thick and frothy, and yellowish green in color. It is strained through many sieves, and runs through troughs to great iron tanks which hold from six hundred to eight hundred gallons. The juice is made clear in these tanks. It is slowly heated almost to boiling, and a thick scum rises to the top of it. This is skimmed off, as we skim the maple sirup. After being skimmed, the juice passes through many pans. There is a fire under each pan, and the juice becomes thicker as it goes along, until, in the last pan, it is very thick indeed. As it cools, sugar crystals appear in the sirup, and it is now sugar and molasses, mixed. When it is cold, the sugar is separated from the molasses and packed in hogsheads and left to drain in the curing house. The molasses that drips from the sugar is the molasses with which we make gingerbread.

The sugar is then sent to the sugar refineries, where it is dissolved and filtered and purified. Then it is put up in different forms, and sent to warehouses. The merchants get it from the warehouses, and sell it to us.

Sorghum is a different kind of sugar cane which was found in China. It is raised from seed. Many years ago a traveler brought seed to this country, and sorghum grows very well in our climate. We plant the seed in the spring, and cut the canes in early fall. The stalks are pressed between rollers to get the juice, which is heated and purified, like cane juice. We do not get much sugar from our sorghum, however; we get more sirup, and the sirup is very good.

Much of our sugar is obtained from beets, but not from the common beets that we have in our gardens. This sugar is made from the white sugar beet. Millions of acres of sugar beets are grown every year in France and Germany, and in parts of our own country. It is harder to get the juice from the beet than from the cane, but the beets make a large and valuable crop.

The beet juice is filtered and cleaned in the same way as cane juice. It is more watery, and has many things in it besides sugar; therefore, it is more difficult to make sugar from it than from the cane. But the sugar, when made, is as good and as sweet as cane sugar.

16. THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL WORDS

Not all small words are very important, but sometimes they are the most important of all. Read each sentence below and decide which word in the parentheses makes the better sense. Have a reason ready to give the class. Sometimes both words will make a clear meaning. If they do, tell why.

If we say, "Pull the rope *if* I shout," you understand that shouting should cause the one shouted at to pull the rope; but if we say, "Pull the rope *unless* I shout," then you understand that shouting means for him not to pull the rope.

1. John goes to school (*because*, *although*) it is stormy.
2. The flag is up (*because*, *although*) it is a clear day.
3. The wagon had (*entirely*, *hardly*) crossed the track when the train swept by.
4. The storm was (*hardly*, *entirely*) over when our umbrella was blown away.
5. Go (*if*, *unless*) you see a white flag flying from the fort.
6. Don't worry (*while*, *unless*) the water rises in the boat.
7. All are here, (*even*, *except*) John.
8. We were ready to go to your house (*because*, *but*) it rained.
9. He went when his work was (*partly*, *quite*) done.
10. The answer will be (*less*, *more*) if you take away this number.

17. ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN BOY

Indian boys did not go to schools like yours, but they learned many practical things by using their wits and keeping their eyes open. This account will give you some idea of how an Indian boy was trained.

Read the selection and see if you can answer these questions:

1. Why was Little Eagle's big brother left alone in the woods without food?
2. How did Little Eagle find his way to the lonely spot where his big brother was?
3. What did Little Eagle think after leaving his brother?
4. Mention several things that show that Little Eagle was learning to be a good hunter.

If you cannot answer the questions from memory, study the selection carefully to find the correct answers.

ONE morning while Little Eagle was playing among the wigwams, he saw his father and his big brother go into the woods together. Later in the day his father came home alone. "Where is big brother?" asked Little Eagle.

"I left him alone in the woods," said the father. "He is to stay there without any food as long as he can. If he can endure hunger for a long time, that will show he is brave enough to become an Indian warrior."

Eight days later Little Eagle went into the woods with some other boys to play. Playing hide and seek

among the trees of the forest was great fun, but little Eagle could not forget what his father had told him about his big brother. He thought he would see if he could find his brother in the woods, so he stole off without saying anything to the other boys. He did not know in which direction to go, but he remembered that his father had said something about crossing the brook where he was then playing. Little Eagle looked around with his sharp eyes to see if he could find the tracks of two people. Soon he thought he saw some. They were very faint, but he was sure they were tracks of bare feet in the mud along the brook. Crossing the brook he saw where the tracks led into the woods. Little Eagle felt almost like a real hunter. He followed the tracks as best he could over a hill, through a valley, and into a dense tract of woodland. Suddenly he came across his brother lying at the mouth of a little cave.

His brother lay stretched on the ground with his eyes shut. At first Little Eagle thought he was dead, but no, the boy was breathing. Finally big brother faintly asked for a drink of water. Little Eagle ran back to a brook near by. Making a cup of a large leaf, he brought it back to his brother full of water. The brother then opened his eyes and recognized Little Eagle. He was so weak from hunger that he could hardly sit up; but he refused to go home, saying that he was sure he could stay another day.

Little Eagle then started to go back, but he could not

forget how lonesome his brother must be out there alone in the big forest. As he was walking along thinking about this, he wished he were old enough himself to do what his brother was doing and prove that he was brave enough to become a warrior. But he was only eight years old, and his brother was nearly thirteen. He must wait a long time and try to learn to do many of the things that his big brother already had learned. He must know how to make a birch-bark canoe, how to make fish hooks out of bone, and how to make a pair of snowshoes. He must learn more about the different kinds of trees and about the habits of the wild animals.

Little Eagle was so busy thinking about this that he forgot to watch where he was going. Soon it was growing dark, and he realized that he had lost his way. He could not tell which way to go to reach the village. But Little Eagle was not entirely helpless in the woods. There were many things that he had already learned. He knew that moss grows upon the north side of the trees, and he could tell by looking at the tops of the trees what was the direction of the setting sun.

Looking about carefully, Little Eagle soon thought he knew which way to go. But it was rapidly getting dark, and he was beginning to be afraid. The rustling of the leaves and the snapping of twigs made him jump.

Suddenly he saw a little stick on top of which was fastened a piece of birch bark. On the bark were a few strange figures. These figures would not have meant

much to a white boy, but Little Eagle knew that they meant that two warriors had passed by, carrying a deer. The way the bark pointed showed the direction of the village. He pushed on as fast as he could, and thought he must have walked for miles and miles. Finally it became very dark and the hooting of an owl made him shake with fear. But he remembered his big brother and decided that he too must be brave.

He had heard his father say that Indians could hear footsteps a long way off when they put their ears close to the ground. Stooping to do this, he felt sure he could hear the faint pound of footsteps far away. When he lifted his head he heard faintly the voices of Indians.

Little Eagle ran on as fast as he could in the direction of the sound. Presently he came out of the woods and found himself in the cornfields that surrounded the village. It did not take him long to run to his own wigwam. His mother merely looked up as Little Eagle came in. She had been worried over his absence, but like all Indians she did not show it. His father sat smoking and did not show much interest when Little Eagle told how he had found his big brother lying in the woods. When Little Eagle woke in the morning he found big brother sitting by the camp fire, having stayed throughout another night alone in the woods. Little Eagle proudly watched his brother and resolved that when he was old enough he too would suffer and be brave.

18. ROBINSON CRUSOE DISCOVERS FOOTPRINTS

You can learn to read rapidly by definite practice. It will do you no good, however, to read fast unless you get the meaning of what you read.

Do not begin to read this selection until you are told to do so by your teacher.

I FELT safe in my little house, which I called my castle. I also had a safe place for my animals, but I wanted another. In order to find this I went all over the island, even to the west point where I had never been before in the twenty-three years I had been shipwrecked alone on the desert island.

As I stood there looking far out to sea I saw what might be a boat. I had saved a spyglass from the wreck of the ship to use at just such a time as this, but by bad luck I had left it at my castle. That speck away out there could not be a rock, as it rose and fell with the waves. But my eyes could not make out what it was. I looked until I could look no longer. Then I walked away. I said to myself that I would never again go out without that glass.

All at once I came upon something which made my heart give a great bound. I saw not one footprint as I had seen one early morning five years before, but hundreds of them.

Walking on a little farther along the sandy beach, I came upon more footprints — and also bones and bits of flesh. I was filled with horror. I was afraid to move, for the bones were those of human beings.

A little farther on I saw in the sand a pit where there had been a fire. I found ashes still warm. Then I knew that savages had been here for a feast and that probably they had eaten human beings -- captives, perhaps. The thought that cannibals were about was too much for me, and I came near fainting.

Then I roused myself and ran as fast as I could. I did not stop until I reached the top of the hill from which I could see my castle. How thankful I was that I had been cast on this side of the island, where the savages never came! Bad as was my lot, how much worse it might have been!

— Adapted from *Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe.

19. A BOY WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

It is important to learn to read rapidly, but it is more important to learn to read well. If you can answer correctly all the questions at the end of this selection, you may be sure you have read it well.

GEORGE WASHINGTON lived on a very large farm, or plantation, in Virginia. When he was fourteen years old he thought he would like to be a sailor. He wanted to cross the ocean and see strange lands. He hoped that he might some day become the captain of a ship.

George was living with his mother and older brothers.

"What do you think of my going to sea?" he said to his brothers.

"It is a good plan," they said. "A bright boy like you need not be a common sailor very long. You will soon be a captain. Then you will have good pay and enjoy life."

A trading ship was almost ready to sail to England. George's brothers talked with the captain, and he said that the boy might sail on his ship. "I will take care of him and teach him to be a good sailor," he said.

George's mother did not want him to go. She thought that if he began as a common sailor he would never be anything better. But George would not listen

to her. He was headstrong and self-willed. He said he would try the sea for one voyage at least.

When the day came for the ship to sail, he had his little trunk all packed and ready. A negro servant carried it to the landing. A boat was ready to carry him out to the ship. George was very glad to go.

"Good-by," he said.

At the door were his mother and brothers and the servants he had known all his life. There were tears in his mother's eyes. George knew how sorry she was to see him going away.

He walked only a few steps and then stopped. He turned and looked at his mother again. Then he ran back and said: "Mother, I will not go. I will stay here."

Then he told the servant to go and bring his trunk back. "Tell the men I am not going to sea, after all," he said. "I have changed my mind."

QUESTIONS

1. What did George hope to become if he went to sea?
2. How old was he?
3. Were his brothers willing for him to go to sea?
4. To what country was the ship getting ready to sail?
5. Was George's mother pleased to have him go?
6. Was the captain unwilling to take George along?
7. Was George headstrong and self-willed?
8. Who carried George's trunk to the landing?
9. Was George on the ship when he changed his mind?
10. Does the story tell what the captain of the ship said to George after he changed his mind?

20. HORNS

Horns is a game that you can play in the schoolroom. It can be played for a short or a long time, and requires nothing but quick wits and a knowledge of the rules. Read the rules and try it.

YOU first choose a leader. Then the leader stands in front of the class, and all the rest place their forefingers upon the edge of the desk.

The leader may then say, "All horns up." At the same time he lifts his hands so that his forefingers point up. All must then do the same with their forefingers. If any one fails to do so promptly, he has to drop out of the game. The leader then says, "All horns down."

The leader may also say, "Cows, horns up." This animal having horns, all point their forefingers up with the leader. If any one fails to do so, he drops out. Then the leader gives the command, "All horns down." The names of other animals with horns are used in the same way.

But the leader may choose an animal which has no horns and say, "Cats, horns up." He points his fingers up, but since this animal has no horns nobody else should point his fingers up. If he does, he must drop out of the game.

The game continues until all or nearly all have dropped out.

21. A CHINESE HOME

Have you ever wondered how a Chinese boy lives? This story tells how his life is different from yours. After you have read it, make a list of these differences. Is the food he eats very much like yours?

DURING our stay in China, we lived in the home of our friend, Ah Chee. The house had many rooms, and some of them had latticework walls with panes of white paper. These walls could be slid back and forth, throwing several rooms into one.

The floors and outer walls were of brick, and each of the bedrooms had a wide brick ledge about as high as a chair running along one side of the room. These ledges were the beds. Some families have bedsteads which they use in warm weather. Ah Chee showed us that there were pipes or flues under the ledges. He said that fires were made in the pipes, so that the beds could be kept warm during the night. He showed us how he slept there, upon some matting with his bedclothes wrapped around him. His head rested on a little hard pillow.

This Chinese house was well furnished. Most of the rooms had furniture of black wood, beautifully carved. The tables were not low like those in Japan. They were as high as our own tables at home. The chairs were like

ours; some of them were made of wickerwork and others of wood. There were also wide benches with cushions upon which to sit or lie.

Fine furniture like this is to be found only in the homes of the well-to-do and the rich. Ah Chee told us that the poor people have but few comforts. Some of their houses have only one or two rooms and only a little furniture made of rough wood.

In eating our meals at the home of Ah Chee, we sat upon chairs at the dining table, with the family. The dishes were much like those we have in America. The Chinese use plates, bowls, and cups. The teacups are brought to the table with the saucers on top. The Chinese eat with chopsticks, which are sticks of wood or bone, a little longer than a lead pencil. Each person has two of them, and holds them in one hand. With them he picks up his food and puts it into his mouth. There are no napkins; but after the meal a servant brings in a bowl of hot water, and dips a white cloth in it. This wet cloth is then passed around the table, and every one wipes his face and hands with it.

We had good things to eat. We had soup, fish, and vegetables and meats of all kinds. The meat was cut into bits, so that we could pick it up with our chopsticks. We had rice, and boiled bread, and all sorts of stews.

The main food of the poorer Chinese is rice or other grain, and vegetables with fish of one kind or another. At great feasts, the well-to-do people have a soup of

birds' nests or of sharks' fins, and many dishes of meat, with vegetables, fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, and candies. The birds' nests used for soup are a queer kind that look like vermicelli. The chief drink is hot tea or hot water. The Chinese do not drink anything cold; and they think that tea, when fresh made, is very fine.

The Chinese have good markets, and we had our choice of many things to eat. The Chinese grow apples, peaches, pears, oranges, and grapes. They grow red persimmons, four times as large as your fist. They raise sheep, hogs, chickens, geese, and ducks.

Many ducks are raised upon boats. The duck boats are flat, and one boat may hold four or five hundred fowls. The ducks feed on the low, swampy banks of the streams. The owner of the boat rows it to one of these places every morning and evening. He then lays a board from the boat to the bank, and the ducks run out and pick up all the worms and snails.

After they have been eating for an hour or more, the duck captain whistles, and the ducks are so trained that they run at once to the boat. They run as fast as they can, for the last duck on board always gets a sharp blow with a stick. When the ducks are grown up, the owner carries them to the city for sale.

— Adapted from *Around the World with the Children*, by Frank G. Carpenter.[1]

[1] Copyright, 1917, 1921, 1924, by Frank G. Carpenter, American Book Company, publishers.

22. THE WAY TO STUDY

It is very important to know how to study well. This story tells how a learned man taught himself to study when he was a boy. As you read, see if you get any hints that will improve your methods of work. See if you can read the story in about three minutes, and get the main ideas.

I HAVE seen children open their books to study, think one minute of their lessons, look around the next to see what mother was doing, then read a little, listen to what father was saying, stare out the window, and come back to the lesson only every now and then.

It takes such youngsters a very long time to learn even the simplest thing, and then they only half know it. But if they put all their minds on their lesson, thought of that, and that only, tried hard to understand it, and to fix it firmly in their minds, it would soon be packed away safely in the brain store house, and the memory servant would bring it out perfectly clear whenever the master chose to call for it. A few minutes of hard work is far better than hours of dawdling study.

There was once a poor boy named Elihu Burritt. He had to earn his living by pumping the bellows for a cross blacksmith. As he had no time or place to sit down, he used to prop a book, wide open, on a beam just over his bellows. Every time he raised his hand to grasp the bellows' handle, he read as many words as he could.

Then he would think hard of these words, while hanging on to the bellows' handle, which had to be forced down by his weight. When he rose again, the lad read the next few words, and he went on so, until he had finished page after page, and book after book.

By making such good use of every second before each pull on the bellows, this brave boy not only managed to educate himself well, but learned to read many languages, and became one of the most learned men in the world.

You see, he trained his eye to be quick, his memory to receive a thing which he had seen only once, and his mind to think hard about whatever he read.

Most boys, placed as he was, would have declared that they had no time to study, as they had to work hard all day; but this one knew that a few minutes at a time, given every day to any study, are bound to bring about great results in the end.

Do not wait, therefore, until you have plenty of time to begin anything. Begin now. Use all the little odds and ends of time you have, learn to save time, and before long you will find out that you have leisure enough to do many things if you only choose to do them.

— Adapted from *Yourself*, by H. A. Guerber.[1]

Use the following words in sentences of your own:

dawdling bellows declared leisure

[1] Reprinted by courtesy of Dodd, Mead, and Company and The John C. Winston Company.

23. ROBINSON CRUSOE HAS A SURPRISE

It is important to learn to read rapidly, but it is more important to learn to read well. A pupil, however, who can read both rapidly and well has the most important tool that the school can give.

Wait for your teacher's suggestions before you begin to read.

SOMETHING more than a year after this, I had a great surprise. On starting out one morning I saw not less than five canoes drawn up on my shore, but not one person in sight. What could it mean? In each canoe there must have been at least four or five persons, but where were they now? Would they come here and attack me?

I went back into my castle and made myself ready in case they came. But all remained quiet. At length I grew tired of waiting and decided to see what was going on. I put my guns at the foot of the ladder and climbed to my lookout on the top of the hill, taking care not to be seen.

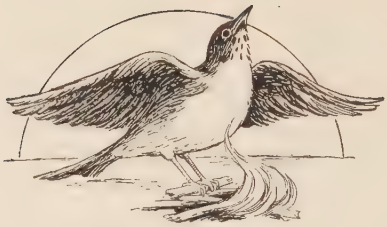
With the help of my spyglass I looked down upon the beach. I had guessed right. There, dancing about a fire, were at least thirty naked savages. I could see that they had some meat ready to be cooked, but I could not tell what kind of meat it was.

Some of the savages ran to the boats and dragged

out two miserable captives. I had not seen them before, for they had been lying down. The dancers gathered about the two poor creatures and soon knocked one of them down with a club. Then they fell down upon him with knives and I suppose made him ready for their dreadful feast.

While doing this, they seemed to forget for the time the other prisoner, who was left standing at one side. Suddenly the poor fellow, not being bound, made a break and ran. Away he went like a deer — faster and faster every minute, running for his life. I had not thought it possible for any one to run as he did. He was coming along the sands straight toward my castle. I was terribly frightened, for I thought now my dream would come true. I had dreamed such a prisoner would hide in my grove and be pursued there by the other savages.

— Adapted from *Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe.



24. HOW THE ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

Little children love to hear this story. Would it not be a good plan to have a contest in your class to see who can tell the story best in his own words, and to have the winner tell it to the children of a lower grade?

If so, you will need to read it very carefully. After you have finished, close your book and see if you can recall the main events of the story. Probably you cannot do so after the first reading. Therefore, open your books and study the story until you have clearly in mind all the important facts.

OFTEN during the long, cold winter, the Eskimos, grown people and children, gather around the fire in their queer little houses to listen to stories of seal hunting, or other exciting sport.

One story which the children love, and ask for over and over again, is about a little bird which visits some parts of their country during the short summer.

They say that a great many years ago there was only one fire in the whole Northland. Of course, this fire was very precious. An old man and his little son took turns in caring for it, and kept it burning day

and night. They knew that if the fire went out they would freeze to death.

Their one great enemy was the white bear. He would have been very glad to see them die, so that he might have the Northland all to himself. He was always watching the fire and hoping that something would happen to put it out.

One day the old man became very ill, and there was no one to help his little son. For many days and nights the boy bravely kept the fire burning and cared for his sick father. But at last he became so tired and sleepy that he could scarcely stand.

The white bear laughed to himself when he saw that the boy would soon have to give up. He was sure that at last he was to have the whole Northland to himself.

That night the poor little boy could keep awake no longer. As he was sitting by his father's side, his head fell slowly forward and he was fast asleep.

Then the white bear ran to the fire, beat it with his great wet paws, and rolled upon it until, as he supposed, he had put it all out. After that he went away to his den, chuckling over what he had done.

A little gray robin was flying near. She watched until the bear had gone away, then flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny spark of fire among the ashes.

She set to work to fan this spark into a blaze. She

went down close to the spark and patiently fanned it with her little wings. By and by her breast was burned red, but still she fanned until a fine blaze was started.

Now it was plain that the Northland could never be the white bear's; and all that he could do was to go farther back in his den and growl.

When the little boy awoke in the morning he found the fire burning brightly and the poor, tired little robin with her breast scorched red.

Ever since that day, robins have had red breasts, and Eskimo children love and care for them in memory of the one that kept burning the first fire of the Northland.

— From *Nature Myths of Many Lands*, by Florence V. Farmer.[1]

1. Find these words in the story:

precious chuckling scorched

What do they seem to mean?

2. Compare your definitions with those in the dictionary.

[1] Copyright, 1910, by Florence V. Farmer, American Book Company, publishers.

25. BE CAREFUL OF YOUR EYES

If you wish to enjoy reading, you will need to take good care of your eyes. Here are a few suggestions that will be helpful. Read them very carefully; then write the answers to the questions on a sheet of paper.

NATURE has given you two eyes with which to see, but you must take good care of them, for two are the most you will ever have. If anything should happen to them, nothing could take their place.

Your eyes are capable of hard work, but nature has so made them that they must be used under certain conditions. You must learn how to protect them, for nobody else will look after them if you don't.

1. It is easier to see with the light shining on the thing looked at rather than shining in the eyes. The light should come from behind and above in such a way that no shadow falls on the work. Never allow a very bright light to shine directly in your eyes.

2. Too bright a light, such as direct sunlight, should not fall on the words you are reading.

3. When you are writing, the light should come from your left, so that your pencil and fingers will not cast a shadow on what you are writing.

4. After using your eyes steadily for as long as a half hour, it is a good plan to rest them for a few minutes by closing them or looking at a distance. One reason

why the eyes become tired after long use is that the small eye muscles have not had a chance to rest.

5. Hold your book or other work about twelve inches from your eyes.

6. If you have any trouble in seeing things that every one else sees easily, you should have your eyes examined by an oculist, and wear glasses if he says you need them.

7. A dirty handkerchief, a towel that anybody else has used, and dirty fingers should be kept away from your eyes.

8. If you get a speck of dirt in your eye, do not rub it, although you may wish to do so. First close your eye, and blow your nose. If your eye does not soon feel better, bathe it with clean water. If you are still troubled, ask an older person to take the speck out with a clean cloth.

QUESTIONS

1. Should you read when a shadow falls on your book?
2. Should the direct sunlight fall on what you are reading?
3. When you are writing, from what direction should the light come?
4. What should you do after reading as long as a half hour?
5. How far should you hold your book from your eyes?
6. Who should tell you when to wear glasses?
7. Should you rub your eyes with a towel your brother or sister has been using?
8. Should you allow a person to try to get a speck of dirt out of your eye with a dirty handkerchief?
9. Should you rub your eye to get out a piece of dirt?

26. HOW ESKIMOS EAT THEIR DINNER

Has this selection a good title? Before you can decide, you will need to read it through to see what it is about. See how quickly you can do so. A good nine-year-old pupil should read it in about six or seven minutes.

Can you suggest a better title? Before you attempt to answer, discuss with your classmates and your teacher what a good title is, and then read the selection a second time.

BEHOLD! we are in Eskimo-land. How cold it is! We have put on thick furs, but Jack Frost is biting our noses, and our breath comes forth like steam. The sun is shining, but it is so pale that we can look at it without blinking.

Is not this a strange land? Everywhere we turn we see snow and ice. The mountains are white, and the low bushes on them are loaded with snow. On the plains there is no ground to be seen. Where the snow has been blown off by the wind, we see only thick silver-gray moss. This is so everywhere in Eskimo-land during more than half of the year. In the short summer only, the snow melts and flowers and grass come.

As we stand in the snow we see a white mound some distance away. It is twice as high as our heads, and it looks like half of a mighty snowball. Not far

away are some furry creatures rolling about. They are playing with four big shaggy dogs. We hear them laugh and shout.

Those are Eskimo children, and the white mound is one of their winter houses. It is made of snow blocks which have been cut out and piled up in a ring. The ring grows smaller and smaller as the house rises, until at last a round block of snow forms the top.

At length the children see us. They drive the dogs back and come towards us. The boy tells us his name is Ikwa, and that the child beside him is Too-kee, his sister. Both wear fur coats called parkas, with hoods sewed to the back. Too-kee has the same kind of long fur boots and trousers that her brother wears.

The children ask us if we should like a ride over the snow. They call up their dogs, and hitch them to a long, low sled. The sled has runners made of pieces of wood and bone tied together with skin strings. The harness is made of strips of rawhide cut from the skins of wild animals. Ikwa has a long whip of sealskin.

The dogs gallop with us down to the ocean. Ikwa and Too-kee race along with them over the ice, and then bring us back to the house and ask us to enter. We look for the door. There is none such as houses have, but Ikwa and Too-kee lead the way to a thin block of ice leaning against a snowdrift. They pull down the block and show us a hole in the snow.

The Eskimo children then get down on their hands

and knees and crawl into the hole. We get down on our hands and knees and crawl after them.

Now we are inside the house. What a queer house to live in! Ikwa calls it an igloo. It seems as though we were inside the half of a large eggshell. The walls and floor are of snow, and a long ledge across one side of the room is built up of snow. It is covered with many soft skins of seals, polar bears, and reindeer or caribou. That snow ledge is the bed, on which all sleep at night. It is also the sitting place in the daytime.

The light comes through a piece of thin white skin, which is frozen tight in its place over a hole in the ice wall. The skin has come from the inside of a whale.

An Eskimo family can build a snow house in an hour or two. After living in one place a few days they move on and build another igloo where the hunting or fishing is better. But most of the time in the long winters they live in a hut of the same shape, partly underground. This hut is made of stones, earth, snow, and skins.

The air is warm enough in our Eskimo house to melt the snow a little. In place of a stove there is a big bowl, made of stone, in which seal oil is burning. This forms a lamp which is used for cooking and for warming the house. The flame comes from a ring of dried moss that runs around the inside of the bowl. The moss is the wick of the lamp. The flame makes a great smoke and the soot falls upon us. Our hands and faces are soon smutty, and so are Ikwa's and Too-kee's.

After we have been a short while in the igloo, the father and mother crawl in. The father drags a big seal behind him. He has just caught it through a hole in the ice. Too-kee and Ikwa shout when they see it, for the seal means a good dinner.

Look at the mother who is standing beside us. Her parka has a great lump on the shoulders. She turns around, and we see that the lump is a baby. Its red face is peeping out of the fur behind its mother's neck. When it wakes up and sees us, it does not know whether to laugh or cry.

While we play with the baby, the mother skins the seal and boils the meat over the lamp. She uses a pot half filled with snow water. She has had to melt snow to get water, for there is no rain, and all the springs and small streams are frozen.

But see, the mother is stirring the pot with a long piece of whalebone. The water is boiling, and the fat seal meat bobs up and down. She has poured the blood of the seal into the pot, and the stew is now as thick as pea soup.

Too-kee lays some skins on the floor, and we sit down upon them around the pot and eat dinner. We use our fingers to put the seal into our mouths and to hold the bones while gnawing off the flesh. Our friends give us the pieces that have the most fat. The Eskimos like fat because fat meat helps to keep them warm. There is no salt in the soup, and none is used in the

cooking. The Eskimos eat little else than meat, and they do not like salt.

After the meat is all gone, we drink the soup from cups made of the horns of musk oxen. We then finish our meal with some berries which the Eskimos have dried during the short summer season.

The Eskimos often make pemmican. This is dried reindeer meat ground to a powder and then mixed with fat. It will keep good a long time. They use the flesh of the bear, the fox, the wolf, and the muskrat for food; and they sometimes catch beavers and wild birds and eat them.

In the short summer, wild currants, blueberries, and strawberries are found here and there. The Eskimos dry the blueberries and store them away. They also dry meat and fish for winter use. Now and then they kill a walrus, and sometimes a whale. The whales are so big that one alone will supply the winter food for many Eskimos.

— From *Around the World with the Children*, by Frank G. Carpenter.[1]

1. When you read the word *pemmican*, you asked yourself what it meant. Here are four other words:

blinking shaggy igloo soot

Did you wonder what they meant?

2. Will looking up new words help you unless you use the words you learn?

[1] Copyright, 1917, 1921, 1924, by Frank G. Carpenter, American Book Company, publishers.

27. THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL WORDS

In each of the sentences given in this exercise there is a missing word. Write on a piece of paper the numbers of the sentences, and after each number write the word from the list below which seems to you to fit into this sentence and to make the best meaning. Do not write it in the book. You may find that your word is different from that suggested by some one else. See what difference in meaning the different words make.

until	*if*
while	*although*
unless	*because*
when	*before*

1. Don't climb into the wagon —— it is in motion.
2. The game was won —— he caught the ball.
3. The boys were pleased to be at home —— it was time for dinner.
4. The boys were willing to go —— it did rain hard.
5. He waded into the stream —— the water was up to his chin.
6. The car had almost stopped —— he stepped aboard.
7. Chew your food well even —— it is soft.
8. Chew your food well —— it will digest better.
9. Stop the car —— the danger signal rings.
10. Don't stop the car —— the danger signal rings.
11. Don't cross the street —— looking in both directions.

28. TOM THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

Do you know what a chimney sweep is? Not many years ago people used to get the dirt or soot out of their chimneys by sending a small boy down the chimney with a brush to sweep it out. You may imagine that it was a dirty job.

Tom, a chimney sweep, never knew what it was to be clean, and possibly he didn't care whether he was clean. But one day he had an experience that made him really wish to be clean. You will enjoy reading this story rapidly to find out what it was.

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney sweep and his name was Tom. He could not read or write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the lane where he lived.

At three o'clock one morning when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed, Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, set out for Sir John Harthover's great castle where they were to sweep the chimneys. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom walked behind, carrying the brushes.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman trudging along with a bundle at her back. She wore a gray shawl and a crimson skirt; but she had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore. Yet she was a very tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. She walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

After a while they came to a spring that bubbled out of a rock and was so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began. Then among blue and gold and white flowers it ran away down the hill. There Grimes stopped. He got off his donkey and began dipping his ugly head into the spring — and very dirty he made it.

When Tom saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished. When his master had come up blowing, Tom called, "Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom, but Grimes was very sulky and began beating him.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman over the wall. Then she told

Grimes that she would tell something wicked she knew about him, and he seemed quite ashamed and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. And I will see Tom again. Remember."

Tom swept so many chimneys at Harthover Place that he got very tired. He lost his way in them and came down the wrong one. He found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room which he had never seen before. The room was all dressed in white — white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The next thing he saw was a wash-stand and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water.

And then, looking toward the bed he held his breath in astonishment. Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread about all over the bed.

"No, she could never have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. Then he wondered, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub off the soot, and wondered whether it would ever come off. "Certainly I

should look much prettier then if I grew at all like her."

Looking around, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged boy, with red eyes and grinning yellow teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a dirty little monkey want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror.

For the first time in his life, Tom realized that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame. He turned to sneak up the chimney and upset the fender with a great noise. A nurse came running after him, but he ran to the window. Under the window spread a tree with great leaves and sweet white flowers. Down the tree he went, like a cat, and across the garden to the woods.

The nurse screamed and ran after him. The gardener threw down his scythe and gave chase. The dairy maid fell over the churn but got up and ran after Tom. The groom, the cook, the plowman, the keeper, even Sir John Harthover himself, and Mr. Grimes ran shouting after Tom, for they thought he had stolen the family jewels.

Tom ran on and on, through the park, into the wood, over a wall, and down a great meadow. When at last he stopped to rest, he had left the cook and the nurse and Mr. Grimes and all the others far behind. Only the Irishwoman had kept up with him, and she followed him down to a clear stream, shining in the sun.

Far, far away, the river widened to a shining sea; and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Down to the river he went like a brave little man, down where it chimed and tinkled through the valley. And this is the song that he heard the river sing:

Clear and cool, clear and cool
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Under the crag where the blackbird sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

At last he came to the water, saying over and over to himself, "I must be clean. I must be clean." So he pulled off his ragged clothes, and waded in.

But just before Tom came to the river bank, the strange Irishwoman had stepped down into the cool, clear water and her shawl floated wide over the stream. Down she went to her lovely home at the bottom of the stream, and her happy fairies, for she was queen of them all. And down with her she took poor dirty little Tom, and turned him into a water-baby just four inches long so that he would always be clean.

— Adapted from *Water Babies*, by Charles Kingsley.

Words to be Explained:

chimney sweep foul ivied undefiled

29. LEARNING TO READ ARITHMETIC EXAMPLES

Why do we make mistakes in arithmetic problems? Sometimes it is because we do not add right. Often it is because we use the wrong numbers or add when we should subtract. Careful reading often saves us these mistakes. The small words, *each, in all, more,* and *times* are very important. Look carefully at this example.

Twenty-six boys gave *10 cents each* for a football. *How much* did they have *in all?*

The words in italics are important. Each tells us something we have to take into account. Make a list of the important words for each of the following examples. Do it like this: *Twenty-six — 10 cents each — how much — in all?*

1. John rides on the cars 4 times each day. The car fare is 5 cents. How much does he spend each day on car fare?

2. John spends 20 cents for car fare each day. His lunch costs 25 cents. How much money will he need for both?

3. John has as many chums as there are days in the week. He buys each a ticket to the circus. Each ticket costs 50 cents. How much money does he need?

4. John's mother gives him $1.50 each week for his expenses at school. How much can he spend on each of the 5 days?

Now write the answers for each example. When all have finished talk over your paper with the class.

30. COLUMBUS AND THE EGG

This selection is full of interesting information about something with which you may be familiar. Read it rapidly, but be sure to get the important facts.

Wait until your teacher gives you further directions before you begin to read.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS sailed across the Atlantic Ocean from Europe in the year 1492. He was a great sailor, but he did not have any ships of his own. He had spent eighteen years in getting ready to make his wonderful voyage. At first nobody believed that such a voyage could be made. Columbus had written letters and traveled to one country after another; he had argued with sailors and teachers and officers and kings. He wanted some one to supply the ships needed for the long voyage. He was sure he would find land and wealth beyond the ocean. But almost everybody laughed at him as a foolish dreamer.

In 1492, however, the king and queen of Spain lent him three little ships. He sailed across the ocean and found strange lands and people different from any that the Europeans had seen before. He believed these lands were part of Asia, but really they were part of America.

When he reached home with the news of his great

discovery, most of the people of Spain were glad to see him again. They gathered in crowds to cheer him as he walked along the streets. The king and queen showed him the greatest respect. But some were jealous and began to find fault with Columbus. "Why do people run after that poor sailor?" they asked. "Has he done anything wonderful? Could not anybody sail across the ocean just as he did?"

One day a dinner was given in honor of Columbus. Many of his friends were present, and also some of those jealous persons. They soon began to find fault.

One of them said: "You say you found strange lands beyond the sea. But what of it if you did? Is that anything wonderful? Anybody can sail across the ocean. It is a very simple thing to do; nothing could be simpler."

Columbus smiled, but did not answer. When the fault finders stopped talking, he picked up an egg and asked, "Can any one here make this egg stand on end?"

The gentleman next to him tried to do it, but failed. Then another and another tried, till all those at the table said it could not be done.

Columbus took the egg and stuck the end upon the table so that he broke the shell a little. Then it was easy to make the egg stand upright. "My friends," he said, "is that anything wonderful? Nothing could be simpler. Anybody can do it — after I have shown you how."

31. THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

Possibly you know something about Henry Hudson already. Read the selection, however, to see if it tells you anything new. See if you can find the answers to these questions. If you cannot answer them after reading the selection once, read it again.

1. What did Hudson hope to find in the Far North?
2. Why did his sailors hate him?
3. Select a paragraph that shows that Hudson was persevering.
4. Choose one or two sentences that prove that the carpenter was loyal.
5. Can you think of any other great explorer who was persevering and who had trouble with his sailors?

HENRY HUDSON was a great English explorer. He was the first white man to sail up the Hudson River. He did this while he was the captain of the *Half Moon*, a very small Dutch ship. He was trying to find a short way to sail from Europe to China. No one then knew how large our continent of North America was. Hudson found that the body of water up which he sailed was a river and not a strait that led to China.

When Hudson returned to Europe in the *Half Moon*, he decided to try to find a way to China by sailing farther north. On this voyage, he was captain of an English ship. When he came near the coast of Greenland, he saw many whales and huge icebergs. His

men had so many strange experiences in these unknown waters that they became frightened. They actually began to hate Hudson because he had led them into such a dreadful place.

Not all of his crew were afraid. The ship's carpenter was a brave man. He talked to the sailors and finally persuaded them to continue the voyage.

Day after day went by and Hudson found no passage that seemed to lead where he wished to go. All that summer and autumn he searched in the large body of water that is now known as Hudson Bay.

When cold weather came on he knew that he must spend the winter there. Before long his ship was frozen fast in the ice. The crew had provisions for only six months, and every one knew that it would be longer than that before the vessel would be free from the ice which held it fast.

That winter was a dreadful time. The cold was so terrible that some of the men died; besides they had very little to eat. It is not strange, therefore, that the crew were angry because they had been caught in such a cold country.

When spring came the ice in the bay began to break up. The men could now see open water around them. Still their vessel was frozen fast, and it was some time before they could sail away in her.

When at last the ship was free, the men expected that Hudson would sail at once for England, but he

would not do so. He had started to find a passage to China and would not give up searching.

The sailors were terribly angry. They had had enough of searching and longed to get back to England. They tried to get some excuse to disobey their captain. They said that Hudson had not divided the little food that they had equally among all the men. They said that he had kept a larger share for himself.

One day they seized the ship and made Hudson a prisoner. Then they put Hudson, his son, and several sailors who were sick into a small boat and cast them adrift. When the carpenter saw what the crew were going to do, he called them murderers and tried his best to prevent them from carrying out their cruel plan. The carpenter was so loyal to his captain that he decided to go with him in the small boat rather than remain with the dishonest crew.

After the little boat had been set adrift, the sailors started the ship for home. They suffered fearful hardships, and many of them died before they reached England. Those who did succeed in getting back to England were arrested and tried for the murder of Hudson.

No one knows what became of Henry Hudson, the brave carpenter, and the sick men who had been so cruelly set adrift. Doubtless they starved to death or were killed in that bitter cold country.

32. THE SURLY ANSWER

You may not know what a surly answer is. See if you can find out from reading this story what the word *surly* means.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, there was living in Virginia a great lawyer named John Randolph. He was for many years a member of Congress, the body of men that makes laws for the United States.

Mr. Randolph was kind to his friends and servants, but very bitter to his enemies. He was queer in some ways, and was not always polite.

One day Mr. Randolph set out for Lynchburg, a town many miles from his home. He went on horseback, as that was the usual way for a man to make a journey in those days. He expected to reach Lynchburg in two days.

At the end of the first day he stopped at an inn, or hotel, and asked for supper and lodging. The innkeeper had often heard of the great man, and gave him a hearty welcome. He provided a fine supper, and himself waited on his famous guest.

"You have good weather for your ride," he said.

Mr. Randolph said nothing, and began to eat his supper.

The innkeeper spoke of the crops, and of the roads, and of the last election to Congress. But the great Congressman answered hardly a word.

The next morning the innkeeper served a good breakfast, and Mr. Randolph asked for his bill and paid it. He then went out of the inn to start on his journey. When he had mounted his horse, the innkeeper asked, "Which road do you travel to-day, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" shouted the great man.

"I only asked you which road you are going to travel," said the innkeeper.

"Why do you ask? Have I not paid my bill?"

"Yes, sir. You have paid it."

"Do I owe you for anything else?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. I am going to travel whatever road I wish." And with that surly answer he rode off. But he had gone only a few rods when he came to a fork in the road. He did not know which way to turn. One branch of the road was as much traveled as the other. He looked about for a signboard, but there was none to be seen. Turning back, he saw the innkeeper standing in front of the inn. He called out:

"Which of these roads goes to Lynchburg?"

The innkeeper laughed and said: "Why do you ask? You have paid your bill and you owe me nothing. Travel whatever road you wish."

No other house was near, and Mr. Randolph therefore rode on. He traveled the wrong road and lost much time.

33. A HOME IN THE ALPS

This story will tell you about a Swiss boy and his sister in a home very different from yours. Before you read it, find out where the Alps are.

After you have read the story, make four or five good questions to ask your classmates. The answers to these questions should show that they have understood what they have read. You will not find it easy to make such questions. You may need to read the story several times before you can decide on questions that will test your classmates' knowledge of the main points of this story.

PIERRE lived on a mountain side in the Alps. His house was very pretty. It was built of stone and wood, with a red roof. In the windows there were boxes filled with flowers. Pierre had a little sister, Violette, who watered the flowers every morning.

At one side of the house was a garden where young potato plants grew. There were flowers, too, that Violette took care of.

Near the garden stood the bee hive. Pierre knew all about the bees. He knew that there was a queen bee who stayed at home and laid the eggs. He knew that the other bees were workers and made the honey.

Violette found the bees in her garden. They hummed and buzzed about her flowers as they gathered the honey. Then they carried it to the hive and filled the honeycomb with it.

When the comb was full Pierre's father took it from the hive. Pierre and Violette ate it for breakfast with their bread and butter. Did you ever eat bread and honey?

Behind Pierre's house were the mountains. The mountain tops were white with snow. Sometimes the snowdrifts break from the mountain. They come falling down the mountain side. The wind howls. The air is white with snow. Faster and faster come the drifts. Rocks and stones come, too. The snow tears down trees. The people hear the noise.

"An avalanche! An avalanche!" they cry. They leave their houses. They run down the mountain. Sometimes a whole village is lost. It is covered up by the snow.

"Are you not afraid, Pierre, to live on the mountain side?"

Pierre shook his head. Many years ago there was an avalanche here where Pierre now lives. The village was torn to pieces. But Pierre's grandfather and some other brave men built a new village. Then they went farther up the mountain and built a strong wall behind the village. Behind the wall they planted trees, which have grown into a forest.

Sometimes Pierre and Violette went up there to hunt for wild flowers in the wood. No one is allowed to cut down these trees. The wall and the trees keep the little village safe from the avalanches.

Violette had been to the woods. Her basket was full of wild strawberries and her fingers were red with berry stains. Her mouth was stained, too. All the berries did not go into the basket.

Around her head was a daisy chain. She had gathered a bunch of blue gentians for her mother. Pierre ran to meet Violette and see her fringed gentians. She let him eat three little berries. Then she ran in to find her mother.

Pierre's father came out of the goat shed carrying two pails of foaming milk. The good mother was waiting in the door. Inside, the table was set with a big loaf of bread, red strawberries, and a great cheese.

The bowls were soon filled with the new milk. Would you like to eat supper with Pierre and Violette?

After supper the dishes were washed. The candles were lighted, and the family sat around the stove. The stove was very tall. It was as tall as the room. It was made of white porcelain.

The good mother took up her embroidery. Her hands were never idle. Pierre and Violette sat on their little stools watching their father carving a piece of wood. His piece of wood was round. He was cutting out the center of it.

"I can guess what it is going to be," said Violette. "It is going to be a napkin ring."

"Right you are, little daughter," replied her father. "And now tell me what I shall carve on the ring."

"Flowers," said Violette.

So her father carved flowers on the ring. He worked fast, for to-morrow he was going away for the summer. "May is here," he said. "We must take the cattle up to pasture.

"Listen, Violette, and I will tell you about it. I will drive the cows far up the mountain until I find a place where the grass is green. There I will live in a tiny house with stones on the top to keep the roof from blowing off.

"Inside, there is a bed of hay. Every night and morning I will milk the cows. I will make fine big cheeses of the milk, which I will bring home in the fall."

Then the mother said: "No more to-night. To bed, to bed, children." And away they scampered.

Upstairs two little shelves were built against the wall for Pierre and Violette to sleep on. Two sleepy children crept into these hard beds. Four little eyes were soon shut tight.

Downstairs mother was singing:

"Sleep, baby, sleep! Thy father tends the sheep!
Thy mother shakes the little tree,
A tiny dream falls down for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

— From *In Field and Pasture*, by Maude Barrows Dutton.[1]

[1] Copyright, 1905, by Samuel T. Dutton, American Book Company, publishers.

34. THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL WORDS

Choose from the list that follows the proper words needed to finish the sentences given below. Choose exactly the right word. Write it after the number of the example on a sheet of paper. Compare your completed sentences with those of the class. If more than one word might be used, be prepared to explain how the meanings are changed by the different words.

if	*when*	*exactly*
unless	*because*	*more*
although	*but*	*until*

1. He cannot lift the stone —— he is strong.
2. He can lift the stone —— he is strong.
3. Turn to the right —— you see a mark on the tree.
4. Don't turn to the right —— you see a mark on a tree.
5. Your answer is —— right.
6. The —— you try the —— likely you are to find the right way.
7. Walk fast —— do not step into the holes.
8. We shall grow faster —— we sleep enough and eat wholesome food.
9. Don't stop studying —— you are tired.
10. Hurry —— you wish to go with us.

35. MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON

You probably have not read much about the wife of George Washington, the Father of Our Country and its first President. You will be interested to find out about her.

Read the selection. When you have finished, look through the article again and select a few words that describe Mrs. Washington.

IT was Washington's habit during the Revolutionary War, as soon as he had settled himself in his winter quarters, to send for Mrs. Washington to join him. Accordingly she came to Morristown very soon after he arrived there. Men and officers were always delighted when the wife of the commander came down to live among them, and they welcomed the sight of the carriage drawn by four horses, with the attendants dressed in Washington's own livery of scarlet and white. When the lady at the house where Washington was staying saw the carriage drive up, she was prepared to behold a grand lady alight from it, and she was somewhat surprised when she saw a very plainly dressed, quiet lady step down from the high coach. She thought there surely must be some mistake; but when she saw the affection with which the grand gentleman in the fine uniform greeted this plainly dressed lady, she knew that she had made no mistake.

Mrs. Washington was hospitable and kind, and put on no airs because she was a great lady from Virginia, and because she was the commander's wife. The story is told that, soon after her arrival, some ladies of the town went to pay their respects to her. As they were going to see the first lady of the land they thought that they should dress themselves in their finest clothes. Arrayed in silks and satins, they were shown into the presence of Mrs. Washington. They were utterly amazed to find her wearing a homespun apron, and busily engaged in knitting socks. She received them, however, with as much dignity and courtesy as if she had had a crown on her head. In the course of conversation she said that it was the duty of every one to make for herself, as far as possible, what she needed; and that, while American women had husbands and brothers fighting in the field, she thought that they should do what they could at home to help the great cause.

Mrs. Washington entertained the ladies with accounts of her life at home. She said that in her house there were always sixteen spinning wheels at work. She showed them two morning dresses which had been made in her house from ravelings of old satin chair-covers. But Mrs. Washington was cheerful and liked good company, and in that year there were many dances and parties in Morristown.

— Adapted from *Stories of New Jersey*, by Frank R. Stockton.[1]

[1] Copyright, 1896, by American Book Company, publishers.

36. THE BOY WHO WAS NOT AFRAID

This is a selection that will give you practice in learning to read rapidly. Remember, however, that it is more important to get the facts than to read fast.

Wait for your teacher's directions before you begin.

ANDREW JACKSON was the first poor boy who grew up to be President of the United States. He lived with his mother and older brothers in a small settlement in the backwoods part of South Carolina. They all were very poor, and the father of the family was dead.

Andrew was eight years old when a great war began. Our country fought against England for seven long years, in what is called the Revolutionary War. It was this war that made our country a free nation.

But in those years life was harder than ever for the Jacksons. Bands of soldiers marched through the country and took away horses and cattle and food of all kinds. Many people were made poor by the war.

When Andrew was thirteen years old he and one of his brothers left home to help fight the English. But one day as they were riding through the woods they were surrounded by English soldiers and were forced to surrender.

The soldiers took the boys to their camp. Andrew was the youngest prisoner there.

"What is your name?" asked the English captain.

"Andy Jackson."

"Well, Andy, I'll give you an easy job right here with me. Clean these boots."

"I am a prisoner of war," said the boy, "not a servant or a slave."

"You little rebel," shouted the captain, "get down and go to work at once."

Andrew stood up straighter than before. The captain drew his sword, but the boy was not afraid. He made the same answer as before: "I will not do a servant's work."

The captain then struck at him with the flat side of his sword, and Andrew received a bad cut on the back of his hand. But he did not clean the captain's boots. A few days afterwards the English let him go home.

Many years later Andrew Jackson was a general in wars against the Indians, and in another war with England; and he won the last great battle of that war. All his life, in all kinds of places, he was never afraid of anybody.

37. HOW THE EAGLE SAVED A BOY

Here is a story that the Indians used to tell their children. Read it so carefully that you can tell it to the children of a lower grade or to your little brother or sister.

MANY, many moons before the White Man came, a little Indian boy was left in the woods. It was in the days when animals and men understood each other better than they do now. An old mother bear found the little Indian boy.

She felt very sorry for him. She told the little boy not to cry, for she would take him home with her; she had a nice wigwam in the hollow of a big tree.

Old Mother Bear had two cubs of her own, but she had a place between her great paws for a third. She took the little papoose, and she hugged him warm and close. She fed him as she did her own little cubs.

From sunrise to sunset, the little Indian boy played with his cub brothers. He did not know that he was different from them. He thought he was a little bear, too. All day long, the boy and the little bears played and had a good time. They rolled, and tumbled, and wrestled in the forest leaves. They chased one another up and down the bear tree.

Old Mother Bear watched her three dear children at their play. She would have been content and happy, but for one thing. She was afraid some harm would come to the boy. Never could she quite forget the bear hunters. Several times they had come near her tree, and sooner or later they would find it. Mother Bear thought she might be able to save herself and her cubs. But what would become of the boy? She loved him too well to let the bear hunters kill him.

Just then the porcupine, the Chief of the animals, passed by the bear tree. Mother Bear saw him. She put her head out the bear-tree window, and called to him. He came and sat under the bear-tree window, and listened to Mother Bear's story of her fears for the boy.

When she had finished, the Chief Porcupine said he would call a council of the animals, and see if they could not save the boy.

Now the Chief had a big voice. As soon as he raised his voice, even the animals away on the longest trails heard. They ran at once and gathered under the council tree. There was a loud roar, and a great flapping of wings, for the birds came, too.

Chief Porcupine told them about the fears of Mother Bear, and of the danger to the boy.

"Now," said the Chief, "which one of you will take the boy and save him from the bear hunters?"

It happened that some animals were present that were

jealous of man. These animals had held more than one secret council, to plan how they could do away with him. They said he was becoming too powerful. He knew all they knew — and more. So when Chief Porcupine asked who would take the boy and care for him, each of these animals in turn said that he would gladly do so.

Mother Bear sat by and listened as each offered to care for the boy. To the beaver she said, "You cannot take the boy; you would drown him."

To the fox she said, "You cannot take him; you would teach him to cheat and steal, while pretending to be a friend; neither can the wolf or the panther have him, for they are counting on having something good to eat.

"You, deer, lost your upper teeth for eating human flesh. And, too, you have no home; you are a tramp.

"And you, raccoon, I cannot trust, for you would coax him to climb so high that he would fall and die.

"No, none of you can have the boy.'

Now a great bird that lives in the sky had flown into the council tree, while the animals were speaking. But they had not seen him. When Mother Bear had spoken, this wise old eagle flew down, and said: "Give the boy to me, Mother Bear. No bird is so swift and strong as the eagle. I will protect him. On my great wings I will bear him far away from the bear hunters. I will take him to the wigwam of an Indian friend, where a little Indian boy is wanted."

Mother Bear looked into the eagle's keen eyes. She saw that he could see far. Then she said: "Take him, eagle, I trust him to you. I know you will protect the boy."

The eagle spread wide his great wings. Mother Bear placed the boy on his back, and away they soared far from the council woods.

The eagle left the boy, as he had promised, at the door of a wigwam where a little Indian boy was wanted. The boy grew to be a noble chief and a great hunter. No hunter could hit a bear trail so soon as he, for he knew just where and how to find the bear tree. But never was he known to cut down a bear tree, or to kill a bear.

— Adapted from *Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children*, by Mabel Powers.[1]

Study these words and use them in sentences of your own:

council lodge counting coax soared

[1] Copyright, 1917, by Mabel Powers, American Book Company, publishers.

38. A VISIT TO A JAPANESE SCHOOL

What do you know about a Japanese school? Here are many facts that tell how Japanese children are educated. Read carefully and remember what you read. You will find that taking brief notes will help you.

After you have finished, make an outline. Make it something like this:

JAPANESE SCHOOLS

I. The principal.
II. Furniture in schoolroom.
III. Dress of pupils.
IV.
V.

When you have made the outline, close your book. Now try to recall the important facts under each heading. Check the ones you have forgotten. Then study the selection again to see just what you have omitted.

WHEN we reached Tokyo, the capital city of Japan, we were much excited over an invitation we received to visit a Japanese school. We wondered whether it would be like the schools we had left in America.

At the school building, the principal greeted us in his office. He was most courteous, bowing down almost to the floor. He wore a gown of dark gray, and spectacles covered his eyes. We were surprised to see that he had no sandals, but only stockings on his feet. And then we learned that it was the custom of all Japanese,

adults and children alike, to leave their sandals at the door before entering a building.

When we visited a classroom, we found that it looked much like that of an American school. There were the familiar desks and chairs, arranged in rows, and the blackboards and maps on the wall — much that reminded us of home. But how different were the pupils and the books! The children were dressed very much alike, all having on long robes or gowns and wearing no sandals over their stockings. The books were the strangest of all. The letters were not like ours, but were made of many queer-shaped marks, unlike anything we had ever seen. The front of the book was what we should call the back, and the lines ran from the top of the page to the bottom instead of across it.

In one room we saw a class of small children at work on a writing lesson. Each child had a small brush and was copying with ink the letters that the teacher had written on the blackboard. The letters were made by many strokes and were so much alike that the children had to pay the closest attention. The principal told us that the Japanese alphabet has forty-seven letters, nearly twice as many as our own, and that there are in addition several thousand special signs that stand for separate words and short sentences. A Japanese pupil has to learn all these. We learned that it takes a Japanese about two years longer than an American to learn how to read and write.

In a large open courtyard, around which the classrooms were built, we found a class going through gymnastic exercises like those used in our own schools. On the playground, we had another surprise when we found the boys playing our American game of baseball; and they were playing well, too. The Japanese pay a great deal of attention to physical training. All the boys and girls are taught athletics and have regular school gymnastics. The boys learn to fence with swords, and are taught how to wrestle skillfully. They play baseball, football, basket ball, and cricket, and almost every one knows how to swim.

We found that the education a Japanese receives is quite as good as our own. In some respects it is even better. In the upper grades, we were surprised to find that many of the boys could speak and understand our own language, for English is studied in many of the Japanese schools. There are kindergartens for girls and boys up to six years, and schools of different grades for those who are older; as well as high schools, business schools, schools of manual training, and great universities. All children are compelled by law to attend school until they are fourteen years of age, and they may go to the high schools if they wish.

39. A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED

It is much more pleasant to think about spending money than about saving it. And yet, a person who does not save money will soon have none to spend.

This is an account of some of the ways boys and girls may save money. After you have read it carefully, write the answers to the questions on a sheet of paper.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a wise American who lived over a hundred years ago, said, "A penny saved is a penny earned." He wished to emphasize the idea that the easiest way to earn money is to save money. Another famous saying of Franklin's was, "Waste not, want not."

Americans are said to be the most wasteful people in the world. This is not a good reputation to have, but it is probably true that as a people we have not learned how to save. Thrift is not one of our virtues.

Several years ago the pupils of a certain school wished to raise money to help the starving children of Europe. They did not wish to ask their parents for money because that would not be giving it themselves.

So they decided to ask their parents to give them all the money that they could show that they had saved. The pupils called this their self-denial drive. These are some of the ways that they saved money.

1. Walking to and from school, so as to save car fares. This took longer and meant getting up earlier in the morning, but it was healthier and was good fun.

2. Saving their clothes. They did this by keeping out of mud and dust, and by putting on their old clothes when they had dirty work to do.

3. Being more careful with their property. Careless children often lose their caps, sweaters, pencils, and books. By putting their names on their property and by being more careful, they avoided much of this loss.

4. By not wasting paper. It costs money to buy a tablet every week or so. Thrifty children do not throw away a sheet of paper when it is half used. For practice work and for figuring problems in arithmetic, the backs of old sheets of paper can be used.

5. By saving a part of their weekly spending money or allowance. By giving up buying candy and sodas much of this money was saved.

6. By giving up money that was to be spent on them for birthday presents. One girl decided she did not need a new dress that was offered on her birthday, and gave the money it would have cost to the fund.

7. One girl decided she could save money for her parents by taking care of her little sister. A nurse had

been employed for this for a few hours each day, and her wages were saved.

QUESTIONS

1. Who said, "Waste not, want not"?
2. Does thrift mean the same as waste?
3. Is it self-denial to ask your parents to give money for you?
4. What kind of property does this selection say children often lose?
5. How can clothes be saved?
6. What is the advantage of walking to school besides saving car fare?
7. How can paper be saved?
8. What is an allowance?
9. Did one girl give up having a new hat?
10. How did one girl save money around the house?

40. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

This is an account of how our national song came to be written. Unless we know this story we cannot understand or enjoy the song as we should. Children in your grade should know the words by heart and sing them well.

WHEN you stand and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," do you wonder how this song that a hundred million voices sing was written? Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer, wrote it on the back of an old letter while he was on a British war ship.

In the War of 1812 he fought with the American army. After the British army had captured our capital at Washington and burned the public buildings, Key went with a white flag of truce to deliver a message to the British ships. He arrived at a bad time. The fleet was on its way to try to capture the city of Baltimore. The British commander would not let Key go ashore. He was afraid the young American would tell his comrades what the enemy was doing.

While the English ships tried to take the fort near Baltimore by a night attack, Key was kept on board. He could not see all the battle, but he watched the fort. He was afraid its American defenders would give up and the fort would be destroyed. He could get no news of his comrades. Through the long night he watched. Only when the British bombshells and rockets gave

flashes of fire, could he see that the little fort was still standing and the flag still waving. He wrote of this in these lines:

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

After many hours of fighting, the cannon ceased booming, and all was still and dark. Key could not tell whether the fort had been destroyed and his comrades killed. He could not see whether the flag had been torn down. He wrote of his excitement:

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

At last dawn came. Eagerly Key looked for the fort. In the dim light of the rising sun he could see a flag. When day broke he saw it was the American flag.

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Imagine his great joy. In his delight he thought of this song. He had with him an old letter. On the back of it he wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The British commander now let him return. He gave the song to a friend in Baltimore. This friend took it to a printing office, but all the printers had gone to war. Only a boy was left, but he could print. Taking the verses he printed them on a large sheet of paper.

The song was soon passed from one soldier to another. People began to sing it everywhere. Soon it traveled

all over the country. Every one has learned to love to sing:

> Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
> And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
> And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Suggestions for Memorizing

Now read the stanzas below, and see if you can answer the questions. If you understand the thought, you will learn it more easily, enjoy the song more, and sing it better.

I

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

1. What time of day was it when this happened?
2. What was Key anxious to see through the early light? Why?
3. What words or expressions do you especially like in this verse? Are there any you do not understand?
4. What is "the home of the brave"?

II

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

1. What words make you know it was growing lighter?
2. Did Key see the flag at once? How do you know?
3. What words in this verse did he probably shout?
4. Where did the foe's host repose?
5. What words help you to see the picture as Key saw it?

III

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation.
Blest with victr'y and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

1. What wishes did Key make for his country?
2. How did he feel about its future?

41. TAG THE WALL RELAY

This is a game for the classroom. The more quickly you can plan and get it started, and the better all observe the rules, the more fun you will have. You will need to read the rules very carefully and refer to them when in doubt.

Walk through the game the first time, so that you may be sure that everybody understands exactly what to do.

CHOOSE two or three judges to see that the rules of the game are observed. The judges should watch the game sharply to find violations of the rules and to select the winner.

All the players should be seated, an equal number in each row of seats. At the signal "Go" the last player in each row runs forward and touches the front wall. As soon as this player is out of the aisle on his way to the wall, the other players move back one seat. This leaves the front seat vacant, and the runner having tagged the wall returns and takes this vacant seat. He raises his hand as soon as he is seated, which is the signal for the player in the back seat to run forward. The others move back as before.

The play continues until every one has run. The row wins which first has all of its team back in the seats from which they first started, without breaking any of the rules.

42. HOW FRANKLIN BECAME THE WISEST MAN OF HIS TIME

You can learn to read rapidly by definite practice. It will do you no good, however, to read fast unless you get the meaning. Do not begin to read this selection until you are told to do so by your teacher.

FEW persons ever knew so many things as Benjamin Franklin. He was a printer, a writer, a scientist, and an inventor; and he held many offices. He lived during the time of the Revolution, and was known in many lands as the wisest American. People wondered how he had learned so many things, for when he was a boy he was very poor and he stopped going to school when he was only ten years old.

Benjamin had to work for his father and afterwards for an older brother. But when he was not at work he liked to read. He bought some books for himself. He borrowed many books, and was careful to return them promptly. He learned many things from reading good books.

But there are some things which one can learn best in another way. Benjamin always had his eyes open to see how different kinds of work were done. He watched masons and carpenters at work building houses. He watched men making shoes and knives and kettles and tables and chairs. He went down to the docks and saw

how men loaded and unloaded ships. And he was not afraid to ask questions.

One day Franklin had dinner with a friend. When the coffee was poured out, it was not hot. The lady of the house said: "I am very sorry. Mary forgot to scour the coffee-pot to-day, and the coffee is cold."

"Would the coffee be any hotter if she had scoured the pot?" asked Franklin.

"Yes, it would," the lady answered. "The coffee always cools faster when the coffee-pot is not bright."

Franklin began to think. He had just learned that a dull or black thing, when hot, would cool faster than a bright or white one. Then he wondered whether a black thing, when cold, would take in heat faster than a white one. He soon thought of a way to find out.

Sometimes dead leaves are blown about in winter so that one may come to rest on top of a bank of snow. Have you ever seen such a leaf on a sunny day? The snow under it melts so that the leaf sinks a little into the snow. Franklin wondered whether the dark color of the leaf made any difference.

One morning he spread out on the snow two little pieces of cloth, one black and one white. He left them there until afternoon. Then he looked at them and found that the snow had melted much faster under the black cloth than under the white. This experiment showed him that black would take in heat faster than white. Franklin learned many things by experiments.

43. A SNOW-KING

Here is a good dog story. Is Casper, the dog in this story, anything like Little Man Friday (page 27)?

Read the story through quickly, but keep this question in mind while reading. A good fourth-grade pupil should finish the story in six or seven minutes.

CASPER was a dog, and he lived with the monks in the monastery of St. Bernard, far up in the Alps, in the very highest dwelling in that great range of mountains. You have heard of these great St. Bernard dogs; but if you have never seen Casper you can have no idea of how grand a dog can be — that is, if he happens to be a snow-king.

And Casper was a king of the snow, every inch of him. He thought nothing of galloping through snow six or seven feet deep. He was not a very old dog, but he had already saved the lives of two men who were lost in a snowstorm. And yet he was not proud — or, at any rate, he did not show it. In fact if you had seen him jogging around the monastery, you might never have thought that he was a king of any kind — much less such an important monarch as a snow-king.

One day it began to snow, early in the morning, up on the mountains. It did not snow very hard at first; but as the day wore on, the cold wind began to freeze the snowflakes into little icy lumps, and to hurl them

like showers of bullets across the valleys and over the mountain peaks. On the mountain side lay vast masses of snow and ice that were growing heavier and heavier as the snow fell faster and faster. These were ready to come thundering and crashing down into the valley below, and seemed only waiting to begin their mad rush. It would hardly be supposed that on such a day as this any one would be out of doors; but on that afternoon there were five persons toiling up the road toward the monastery.

Four of these were men, and one was a boy about fourteen years old. His name was Paolo Vennatti, and he lived down the mountain side some miles below. For a day or two, Paolo had been very anxious about a stray goat which he believed could be found up the mountain, and probably at or near the monastery of St. Bernard. So when that afternoon four men stopped at Paolo's home to rest a little before continuing their journey over the Alps, the boy determined to go with them as far as the monastery.

He did not tell his parents about his plan, for he had heard his father tell the men that it would be foolhardy to attempt to cross the mountains that day. But when the four men started, Paolo slipped out and joined them. They trudged on for a long time without much difficulty, for the snowstorm seemed to be decreasing, and the wind was certainly going down. But suddenly something very astonishing happened.

A violent gust of wind seemed to leap from around the corner of a tall mass of rock; and in its arms it carried a vast cloud of snow, which it raised in the air and hurled down upon our travelers, who were instantly buried from sight. This was one of the terrible whirlwinds which often occur in the Alps, when great volumes of newly fallen snow are carried through the air and thrown here or there in masses many feet in depth.

It was as sudden as a flash of lightning. One moment Paolo was walking cheerfully along the road a little behind the four men, and in the next he was buried under an immense heap of snow! For a moment he did not know what had happened — it seemed as if he had been struck blind. There was snow above and below him — snow in his eyes, snow in his ears and nose and mouth. He could not get up because there was snow on top of him; and, when he tried to get his legs under him, he could find no support for his feet, for there was nothing but soft snow beneath him. He could breathe, but that was about all he could do.

He tried again and again to crawl out of this great snow drift. He kicked and rolled and pushed and dug, and just as he reached the open air he fell over a precipice, down upon a bed of old snow, packed so hard that he did not sink into it very far. He then found that he was on a ledge twenty feet below the road. The mass of snow which had overwhelmed him and his companions he could see piled up on the road above him. If

another gust of wind should come around that corner, it might be blown down upon him and cover him again.

So he scrambled to his feet and tried to get away from that steep precipice with its great cap of snow. But he could not push his way very far through the deep snow. It was snowing again, faster and faster, and he was very cold. He did not know what to do; so he sat down.

Then he drew up his knees and tried to get warm, and think. He could not get warm, but he could think very easily. He thought about his parents, and what a wretch he was to come away from them as he had done. Why had he risked his life to save a goat? Here he was, alone in the midst of the great Alps. The air was full of snow, which fell on him until he looked like a little snow boy as he sat there drawn up in a knot. He did not expect any help now. He knew the Alps too well to suppose, even if his companions had succeeded in getting out of that snow drift, that they could find him where he was. He could not shout. His lips and tongue seemed frozen stiff. He could not see very far.

He began to feel a little warmer now, and drowsy. He knew that if he went to sleep he would never wake again. But he did not care; he might as well be comfortable. And there was nobody on earth who could save him. If anybody came to him there, he would die too! The best thing he could do would be to go to sleep. In all the world there was no one who could save this poor boy — that is, if you did not count

Casper, the snow-king. He could do it, and he did do it.

Right through the snowstorm came that great dog! Rushing over the frozen crust, plunging through the deep places; bounding, leaping, caring not for drift or storm, like a snow-king as he was, came Casper! He made one dash at Paolo and rolled him over in the snow. Then he barked at him as much as to say: "Wake up, you foolish boy! Don't you know I'm here? It's all right now."

He pushed Paolo first on one side and then on the other, and when he had made him open his eyes and look about, Casper barked again as loud as he could.

Casper had not barked very long before two men came toiling through the storm. One was a St. Bernard monk, and the other was one of Paolo's four companions, who had escaped from the snow drift but could not find the boy without help. These two men took Paolo by the arms, raised him up, and soon led him away between them. With great difficulty they reached the road, and then pressed on to the monastery. Casper went ahead so that it should be all right. He was a snow-king.

—Frank R. Stockton in *St. Nicholas*.[1]

Locate these words and guess at the meanings. Then look for them in the dictionary.

monastery monarch hurled precipice

[1] Reprinted by permission of The Century Company.

44. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt loved our country and worked for it with all his might. Here are some unfinished statements about him. Read the selection, and then write out on paper each sentence completed with the reason you like best. There will be different answers, and you should be ready to tell why you chose to complete your sentences as you did.

1. I wish I might have gone camping with Roosevelt because —

2. Roosevelt was the right kind of citizen because —

3. Roosevelt was an excellent President because —

4. If Roosevelt had been a pupil in our school, he would have —

WHAT kind of man was Theodore Roosevelt, twice President of the United States?

He was, first of all, a friend of children. He liked nothing better than a walk or a romp with boys and girls. If you had been so fortunate as to take a walk with him in the fields and woods, you could never forget it. He knew and loved the trees and could tell you many interesting and wonderful things about them. He loved the birds and the many little animals which live in the woods, and could tell you how they make their nests, how they get their food, and many of their queer ways. If, however, you had tried to injure any of these little friends of his, as he called the little creatures of the wood, he would not have allowed it. He

would have told you that the little animals have as much right to live and be happy as you have.

Have you ever read any of Roosevelt's letters to his children? In them you will find many stories which show how he loved children and their animal friends. Here is one:

"I have a number of treasures to divide among you children when I get back. One is a little live lizard, called a horned frog, very cunning, who lives in a small box. The little badger, Josh, is very well and eats milk and potatoes. We took him out and gave him a run in the sand to-day. So far he seems as friendly as possible. When he feels hungry he squeals, and the colored porters insist that he says, 'Du-la-ny, Du-la-ny,' because Dulany is very good to him and takes care of him."

When Roosevelt was a little boy, he was not so well and strong as boys should be. He was often ill, and his parents would send him to the country to stay for weeks and weeks. He had always loved the out-of-door world, and during these visits to the country he spent most of his time in the fields and woods studying the life about him, especially that of the animals. As long as he lived, this was one of his chief pleasures, and few men in all the world knew more of animal life than he. He took pictures of animals and wrote books about them, which you will enjoy reading.

When only a young boy, he liked to see everything

done in a fair, honest way. He could never endure seeing a big boy abuse a smaller one, and he had many a fight defending those whom he thought unfairly treated. He went to college when he was eighteen years old; and while there he learned to box, wrestle, shoot, and do many other things, as he said, in order to defend himself and help take care of others. "Every boy," he thought, "should be able to hold his own and should abhor any form of bullying or cruelty."

He had no liking for people who picked out the easy work and left the hard work to be done by others. He might have had an easy, comfortable life if he had wished, but he believed that every one should do his share of the hard work of the world. Roosevelt certainly did more than his share.

When only a young man, he began to realize that it was his duty to help make our government better. He did not think he should do it by staying at home and finding fault with others, but that he should go out into the world and work for the things he felt should be improved. When only twenty-three years of age, he was elected to the legislature of New York, and there he worked for better laws. He did not succeed very well at first, but he kept on trying. After leaving the legislature, he went west and lived the hard life of a ranchman, so that he might become stronger, and also that he might learn the life of cowboys. While there he helped to improve the laws and to punish

those who did not obey them. One night a boat belonging to Roosevelt was stolen. He believed that it had been taken by three men who had been stealing cattle from his ranch, and he made up his mind that they ought to be punished.

It was March, and the weather was very cold. The only way one could travel was by water, and the river was full of floating ice. In three days, with the help of his two men, he made another boat. Into this they put rifles, food, and warm clothes and started down the river to try to find the thieves. It was so cold that ice froze on the sides of the boat, and one night they even had to camp in a blizzard.

On the third day they saw the smoke of a camp fire. As they went toward it, they saw the stolen boat, and sitting by the fire the three thieves, whom they soon captured. Roosevelt started back with them to a little town near his ranch where there was a jail, but he had much trouble in reaching it. There was so much ice in the river that they had to wait eight days before they could get their boat through. It was so cold at night that they could not tie the thieves for fear they would freeze, so Roosevelt and his men had to take turns sitting up watching them. Their food gave out and for several days they had nothing to eat but bread made of flour and muddy water.

But Roosevelt did not give up. He kept on and at last was able to hand the thieves over to the sheriff. He

had traveled over three hundred miles, and endured great hardships, but he had shown those three thieves that laws are to be obeyed.

All his life he was trying to help others and to make things better, and yet everything he did he seemed to consider great fun. Probably no man ever enjoyed life more, and no man ever did more hard work. These two things, he said, always go together.

In the war which Cuba fought to free herself from the unjust rule of Spain, Roosevelt and many other good Americans wanted our government to help Cuba. This our government finally did, by declaring war on Spain. Roosevelt immediately helped to raise a regiment of soldiers to take part in the war. The soldiers of this regiment came from every part of our country. They were called the Rough Riders, because they were ranchmen from the west, and polo-players and others from the east, all of whom were good horsemen. It was a strange company in many ways; but with Roosevelt as their colonel they fought bravely and well. These Rough Riders dearly loved Roosevelt and were his enthusiastic friends as long as he lived.

A few years after the war was over, Roosevelt came into the highest office in our country. The people in all parts of our land had come to know him as an honest, fearless man whom they could trust. At this time he was the best-loved man in America.

While President he did many things for which he will

be remembered. He looked after the interests of the poor as well as the rich, of the weak as well as of the strong. He tried to be fair to all. He made the dream of the Panama Canal come true. He saved many beautiful forests and planned great works for the irrigation of desert lands in the West.

And we must never forget that he helped us all to think about our duty to be honest, helpful citizens of a great country.

When the World War broke out in 1914, Roosevelt was a private citizen, but he had great influence as a writer and a speaker. He brought his great influence to bear on public opinion in preparation for what he felt sure must come — the entrance of the United States into the war. One of his sayings at this time was, "There is no place in this country for a divided loyalty."

Though Roosevelt is well known as a writer, politician, scientist, and explorer, he is best known as our highest type of a true American citizen.

When he died, after the close of the World War, he was mourned in every part of the world, and thousands of people visit his grave every year.

Define these words:

romp blizzard irrigation

45. LEARNING TO READ ARITHMETIC EXAMPLES

Read the introduction to the exercise on page 88. This is a similar exercise. Make a list of the words and numbers which help you to find the answer in each example.

1. A boy went to the store to buy groceries. He took with him $3. The bill was $2.64. How much money did he have left?

2. The clerk found that Mrs. Jones had bought apples for 30 cents, flour for 95 cents, and salt for 10 cents. What should he ask her to pay in all?

3. If tomatoes cost 23 cents a can, what will you have to pay for 12 cans?

4. If fresh tomatoes cost 7 cents each, how many can you buy for 84 cents?

5. John can earn 15 cents a day. How long will it take him to earn enough to buy a pair of gloves costing $1.80?

6. A class of 34 pupils decides to buy a picture for the room. Each pupil brings 20 cents. How much money will the class have in all?

7. The school board offers to double the amount the class has contributed for the picture in order to get a larger one. How much will the class then have to spend for the picture?

46. WHERE WE GET OUR SILKS

Here is valuable information about a common article, but you will need to read this selection very carefully to get the important facts.

After you have read each paragraph, write in a few words what it tells you. For example, the first paragraph tells where silk comes from. The second paragraph tells about the eggs of the silk moth. In the same way, write down what each of the other paragraphs tells.

When you have finished, you will have notes that will help you to remember the important things that are told in the article. This method of reading and taking notes will help you in studying other articles of this kind.

IF you had money enough, I am sure you would like to buy for your mother, or sister, a silk dress as a birthday gift; and I am sure she would be glad to have it. But if you should say to her that you were giving her a caterpillar dress, perhaps she would not be so pleased. Yet that is just what a silk dress is. To be sure, it is not made of caterpillars, but if the dress is of pure silk, every bit of it came from a caterpillar, which we call the silkworm. A cotton dress is made from a plant which grows in the field just as corn or wheat does; this plant is called the cotton plant. A linen dress is made from flax which also grows in fields; a woolen dress is made from wool which grows on sheep; but every thread of a real silk dress is spun by

a caterpillar called the silkworm. You are sure to be interested in the life of this strange little being, and so I am going to tell you about it.

We will begin by buying a few eggs laid by some silk moth, for these caterpillars all come from eggs. They are very small, some white and some yellow; and it takes many thousands of these eggs to make an ounce; so of course we do not want so many. A dozen or so will be enough for us. We will spread these out on clean sheets of paper in a room about as warm as most children like.

In a few days the eggs will hatch into little caterpillars which in about eight weeks grow to be more than three inches long. We will now put them into paper boxes, keeping them very clean and giving them plenty of room and plenty to eat, for if we wish nice silk from them we must give them good care. If we give them plenty to eat and make them happy, they will not crawl out of the boxes as most caterpillars would.

One of the strange things about these worms is their food. They like nothing so well as the leaves of the mulberry tree, and these we must give them if they are to do well and give us good silk. So before the eggs are hatched into worms we must have their food ready, as they begin to eat at once and do little but eat for eight weeks. We must feed them often and put the fresh green leaves where they can easily get

them. They eat a great deal. You would not think that they could eat so much.

At the end of eight weeks a new life begins for them. They stop eating and begin to spin silk. It is a very wonderful thing as they do it. All the time that the silkworm has been eating, there have been growing two large sacs, one on each side of the body and about the entire length of it. These are filled with a kind of sticky water, from which the caterpillar makes the silk. The sticky stuff does not look like silk, and no one would think that silk could come from it, but in some wonderful way this worm makes silk out of it. It is because of this that these worms are so prized.

We know the caterpillar is about to spin when it stops eating, and so we watch it carefully. We see two tiny streams come from its lower lip. This is the silk coming from the spinnerets, as the sacs are called. It comes out in two tiny threads or streams, but is joined by the silkworm into one thread, and so well is it done that it is hard to think that there at first were two. If we should take this sticky water out of the sacs, we could not make silk of it. It would become hard at once, and we could do nothing with it. The silkworm has a way of its own by which it makes the sticky water into a fine shining thread.

But it is not making this beautiful shining thread for us. It is making for itself a home. The worm weaves the thread about itself little by little, doing

so well that at the end of four or five days it is entirely shut in. All the time that it is weaving itself into this beautiful home, it turns its head round and round, never seeming to tire, and always there are coming the two shining streams. When it is done, there is a hollow ball of white or yellow silk wound very tight and looking like the egg of some beautiful bird.

If we leave the balls or cocoons alone, in about fifteen days a pretty moth will come from each. These moths lay the eggs such as we bought when we began this lesson. Then they die and their work is finished.

But only a few of the best cocoons are left alone. We want the silk which is wound into the pretty balls. So we put the others into very hot water. This is to end the little life that is left in each worm, which is now called a chrysalis. The cocoons are soaked in warm water to free the threads from the sticky gum which holds them tightly together. Then we can unwind the thread of each cocoon.

In the countries where silkworms are raised, the cocoons are sent to factories, where workers unwind the threads, spin them into stronger ones, weave them into cloth, and dye them. At last they come to us as beautiful shining silk such as you see in our stores. Do you wonder that silk costs more than cotton?

It was from the Chinese that we came to know of this strange worm and how to make use of it, and it is from China that we now get much of our best silk.

47. TOM THUMB

This famous old folk story is full of exciting adventure. You will enjoy reading it just to learn the experiences of Tom Thumb.

Read it as rapidly as you can, and then tell which one of Tom's experiences you think was most exciting.

A POOR woodman once sat by the fire in his cottage, and his wife sat by his side, spinning.

"How lonely it is," he said, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves, without any children to play about and amuse us."

"What you say is true," said his wife as she turned her wheel. "How happy I should be if I had a child! If it were ever so small, if it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be very happy and love it dearly."

Now it came to pass that the good woman had her wish. Some time afterward she had a little boy who was healthy and strong, but not much bigger than her thumb. They loved him dearly and called him Tom Thumb. They gave him plenty to eat, yet he never grew bigger. But he was a bright little fellow, who always knew what he was about.

One day when the woodman was ready to go and cut wood, he said, "I wish I had some one to bring the cart after me, for I want to hurry."

"O father," cried Tom, "let me do it."

The woodman laughed and said: "How can you drive the horse? You cannot hold the reins."

"Never mind, father. If my mother will only harness the horse, I will get into his ear and tell him which way to go."

"Well," said the father, "you may try."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse to the cart, and put Tom into his ear. There he sat, crying out, "Go on," and "Stop," and "Turn to the right," as he wanted. So the horse went on just as if the woodman were driving it.

Two strangers came up to the cart. They heard somebody talking to the horse but could see no one.

"How strange!" said they. "Let us follow the cart and see where it goes." They went on into the wood, and came at last to the place where the woodman was.

Tom said to his father: "Here I am with the cart, safe and sound. Now take me down." So his father took hold of the horse with one hand, and lifted his son down with the other.

The two strangers looked on in wonder. One of them said to the other: "That little chap will make our fortune if we can carry him about from town to town as a show. We must buy him." Then they asked the

woodman what he would take for the little man. "He will be better off with us than with you," they said.

"I'll not sell him at all," said the father. "He is my son, my own flesh and blood."

But Tom heard what was said, and crept up his father's coat to his shoulder, and spoke in his ear: "Take the money, father, and let them have me. I'll soon come back to you." So the woodman at last agreed to sell Tom Thumb to the strangers for a large piece of gold.

"Where do you like to sit?" one of them asked Tom.

"Oh, put me on the rim of your hat. That will be a nice place for me. I can walk about there and see the country as we go along."

They did as he wished. The two strangers kept on their way till it began to grow dark. Then Tom said, "Let me get down. I am tired." So the man took off his hat, and set Tom down on a lump of earth in a plowed field beside the road. But Tom ran about among the furrows, and at last slipped into an old mouse hole.

"Good night, masters. I'm off," said he. They ran to the place and poked the ends of their sticks into the mouse hole, but Tom crawled farther in. They could not get him, and as it was now quite dark they went away very cross.

When Tom found that the men were gone, he crept

back to the roadside, trying to find a good place to spend the night. At last he found a large, empty snail shell. "This is lucky," said he. "I can sleep here very well," and in he crept.

Just as he was falling asleep two men passed by, and he heard one say to the other, "How can we steal that farmer's gold and silver?"

"I'll tell you!" cried Tom.

"What noise was that? I am sure I heard some one speak," said the thief. He was in a great fright.

They both stood listening, and Tom spoke up: "Here I am. Take me with you, and I will show you how to get the farmer's money."

"What a little chap! What can you do?"

"Why, I can get between the iron window bars, and throw you out all you want."

"That is good. Come along; we will try you."

When they came to the farmer's house, Tom slipped through the bars, and then called out as loud as he could, "Will you have all that is here?"

"Softly, softly!" said the thieves. "Speak low, or you will wake somebody."

Tom pretended not to understand them, and screamed out again: "How much will you have? Shall I throw it all out?"

The cook was sleeping in the next room and was wakened by the noise. She sprang out of bed and opened the door. The thieves ran away and the cook

could see nothing in the dark. When she went back for a light, Tom slipped off into the barn.

The cook looked about everywhere but found nobody. She went back to bed, and thought she must have been dreaming. Tom crawled into the hayloft, where he found a good place to rest. He meant to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home.

Poor Tom Thumb! His troubles were only begun. The cook got up early to feed the cows. She went to the hayloft, and carried away a large bundle of hay, with Tom in the middle fast asleep. He did not wake till he found himself in the mouth of a cow. She had taken him up with a mouthful of hay.

"Dear me," said he, "how did I manage to tumble into the mill?" But he soon found out where he was, and he had to keep all his wits about him, or he would have been crushed to death. At last he went down into the cow's stomach.

"It is rather dark here," said he. "They forgot to build windows in this room to let the sun in." He made the best of his bad luck, but he did not like his resting place at all. More and more hay was coming down, and there was less and less room to turn round in. At last he cried out as loud as he could: "Don't bring me any more hay! Don't bring me any more hay!"

The cook just then was milking the cow. She heard some one speak, but she saw nobody. She was sure it

was the same voice she had heard in the night. It put her into such a fright that she fell off her stool and upset her milk pail. She ran off to the farmer, and said, "Sir, sir, the cow is talking."

But the farmer said, "Woman, you are crazy." Still, he went with her into the cow shed, to see what was the matter.

Just then Tom cried out again, "Don't bring me any more hay!" Now the farmer was in a fright. He was sure the cow must be crazy, and he had her killed. The stomach with Tom in it was thrown into the barnyard.

Tom set himself to work to get out, but just as he was getting his head free a hungry wolf seized the stomach and swallowed it. Off he ran, but Tom was not afraid. He called out to the wolf, "My good friend, I can tell you where to get a fine treat."

"Where is that?"

"In the brown house near the wood. You can crawl through the drain pipe into the kitchen, and there you will find cakes, ham, beef, and everything nice." This was the house where Tom Thumb lived. The wolf did not need to be asked twice. That very night he crawled through the drain into the kitchen, and ate and ate to his heart's content.

He ate so much that he could not squeeze through the drain to get away. This was just what Tom had thought of, and the little chap set up a great shout.

"Be quiet," said the wolf. "You will wake everybody in the house."

"What is that to me?" said the little man. And he sang and shouted as loud as he could.

The woodman and his wife were awakened by the noise, and peeped through a crack into the kitchen. When they saw a wolf there, they were in a great fright. The woodman ran for his ax, and told his wife to stay behind until he had killed the wolf. Tom heard this, and shouted: "Father! Father I am here. The wolf has swallowed me."

"Heaven be praised!" said the woodman. "We have found our dear child again." Then he struck the wolf on the head, and killed him at once. He cut the wolf open, and set Tom Thumb free.

"Hurrah," said the little man. "I have traveled all over the world, and now I am very glad to get fresh air again."

"Where have you been?" asked his mother.

"I have been in a mouse hole, in a snail shell, down a cow's throat, and inside the wolf, and yet here I am again, safe and sound."

"Well, well," said his father. "We will not sell you again for all the money in the world."

So they hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. And they bought him new clothes, for his old ones were quite spoiled.

48. GOOD MEDICINE

You can learn to read rapidly by definite practice. It will do you no good, however, to read fast unless you get the meaning of what you read.

Do not begin to read this selection until you are told to do so by your teacher.

ONE of the books that you will like to read when you are older is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It is the story of a good minister and his family, and of other good men and bad men.

The man who wrote the story was Oliver Goldsmith. He himself had traveled in many countries and had met all kinds of real people. He was a kind man, and was always glad to help anybody who was in need. He gave so much to poor people that he was usually poor himself.

Goldsmith was a doctor, but he spent more time in writing books than in caring for the sick.

One day a poor woman asked him to visit her husband. She said that her husband was sick and could not eat.

When Doctor Goldsmith made his visit he found that the family was very poor. The man was not sick, but he would not eat because there was not enough food in the house for his wife and children. He had not had any work or any wages for many days.

"Come back to my room," Goldsmith told the woman, "and I will give you some medicine that will help your husband."

When the woman came, Goldsmith handed her a little paper box. "Take care," he said; "it is heavy. I think this medicine will do your husband a great deal of good. Tell him to use it carefully."

"What are the directions for taking it?" she asked.

"They are inside of the box," he said. "But don't open the box now. Wait till you reach home."

The woman hurried home and gave her husband the box. When he opened it, what do you think he found? The box was full of pieces of money. And on a piece of paper were the directions:

To be taken as often as needed.

Goldsmith had given him all the money that he had.

49. A VALUABLE SECRET

Here is a secret that will be valuable to every boy and girl who tries to follow the suggestions given. The author says the secret is that "everything we do should be mixed with brains." What is meant by this expression?

ONE day an artist went into a fellow painter's studio and greatly admired a beautiful picture he had just finished. The figures were so lifelike, and the colors so bright that the visitor imagined there must be a secret way of preparing them and eagerly said: "I'd like to get my colors to glow like that. With what do you mix yours?"

"With brains, sir!" answered the painter, angry at being asked such a silly question.

Now I am going to tell you a great secret. It is that everything we do should be mixed with brains! There is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything. Of course every one who reads this learned to dress himself long ago. Many of you even have to dress several times a day.

Each time you dress you call your muscle servants

and set them to work. Some children have trained their muscle servants so that they do that work neatly and quickly. The masters in their brains watch these servants closely, to see that they do their work properly. This master always directs the hands, for instance, to seize and hold the stockings in such a way that they can be pulled on straight, and without needing to be twisted and turned to get the toe in the right place or the seam running up the back of the leg.

Shoes can be buttoned, garters fastened, and clothes put on in a very few minutes, if you watch yourself closely, and do everything in the easiest, shortest way. Of course you have to think about what you are doing, if you wish to do it neatly and quickly; or at least you must think about it until your muscles get so used to moving in the right way that they will do it without being reminded.

I have seen some children who take an hour or more to get dressed, and then they look only half dressed, for many of their things are put on crooked. But I have seen others who make a game of getting dressed. They run races with their parents, with one another, or even with the clock. If you take off your clothes carefully at night, shake them well, turn them right side out, and lay them down or hang them up where you can readily get them in the morning, you can easily learn to put them on again in less than five minutes.

Many grown people whom I know can do that part of their dressing in three minutes in summer, and five in winter, and look as neat as if they came out of a bandbox. They have trained their muscles so well that every motion is as exact and quick as that of a fine pitcher on a baseball team. The clothes go on just as these people wish, and there are no wrong moves or hitches!

Many children whom I have seen consider it great fun to watch themselves every time they dress, to see how much better and quicker every day they can make their muscle servants obey them. It takes a good deal of practice before a child learns to dress very quickly, but as every child has to dress and undress about three hundred and sixty-five times every year he lives, it will save him much time to learn to do it quickly and well right now.

— From *Yourself*, by H. A. Guerber.[1]

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50. THE SERVANT OF ALL

Suppose that you are one of a group of pupils who are looking for a good story to act at a class party or some other entertainment. Read this selection quickly to find out if it will be good for that purpose.

If you decide that it will be satisfactory, you will need to discuss in your group how best to proceed with your plan. This will lead to a careful study of the story so as to decide upon the scenes, actors, and other details.

"MY master told me that if I sell this drove of pigs in the town that lies at the other side of the forest, I may have the money for my own," said Carl to himself. "Mine — my own!"

"Your own, Carl?" asked a voice close to his ear.

Carl turned and saw an old man sitting down with a book in his hand.

Carl looked into the book.

"It is only a list of names," said Carl.

"Do you see nothing that interests you?" asked the old man.

"I see one thing," said Carl; "one of the names is written in gilt letters. What is that for?"

"That is the name of a king," answered the old man, shutting his book.

"And what is a king?" asked Carl. "I have never seen one, though I have been a swineherd these three years and have walked about a good deal."

"You may see one this evening in yonder city to which you are going. The people there have been looking for a king for a long time, and they think one will come to-day."

"I will walk on, then," said Carl, "for I should certainly like to see him." So Carl walked on.

Presently he overtook a thin, miserable-looking donkey, who was trying in vain to drag after him a cartload of garden vegetables.

"Good master Carl," said the donkey, "will you not help me on with this load a little way? I am so tired I shall never reach my master's cottage."

"Never despair, my good friend," said Carl, as he placed himself behind the cart and began to push it along. By and by he said to the donkey: "That will do now. I think you can go on your way and I will go mine."

"But I can't go my way," said the donkey, standing stock still and beginning to bray.

"Now I really think you are a little unreasonable," said Carl. "Remember what a long distance I have pushed you."

But the donkey went on braying.

"He can't help being a donkey," said Carl, "and I dare say he is very tired."

So Carl went on pushing the cart for him, until they came to his master's cabin.

"Thank you, thank you, good Master Carl," said the donkey.

"Good-by," said Carl, and he ran after his pigs. "They are eating their dinner, so I think I may as well eat mine."

And then Carl sat down and pulled some bread and cheese out of his pocket.

"Master Carl," said a little voice at his elbow; and Carl saw a rabbit sitting beside him.

"Now, little rabbit," said Carl, "I do hope you are not going to say, 'Carl, give me some bread and cheese'; for indeed I'm very hungry, and there's not nearly enough for us both."

"Then I must go without my dinner," remarked the little rabbit.

"That's altogether ridiculous," answered Carl. "Don't you see how many dandelions there are all about under the trees?"

"But it's so unwholesome living entirely on green food," said the rabbit. "It gives one the heartburn, I assure you, and I'm particularly ordered to eat bread and cheese."

"Very well, then," said Carl, "you shall eat bread and cheese," and he fed the little rabbit out of his hand and kept only a very little piece for himself.

On went Carl through the woods — but suddenly he

stopped. He saw some one sitting under a tree. It was a beggar, all in rags, looking very miserable.

Carl went up to the beggar and said: "I am very sorry for you. Can I do anything?"

"God bless you, my little master," answered the beggar. "See how sore my feet are from walking so long upon the stony ground without shoes or stockings."

CARL HELPS THE DONKEY

"You shall have mine," said Carl, sitting down and pulling off his shoes and stockings.

"And from having no hat on, the sun has made my eyes quite weak," added the beggar.

"I see," said Carl, "and my eyes will very soon be weak if I give you my hat, but I will do so nevertheless. So here it is, and good-by." Then he put his hat on

the beggar's head and ran on, bareheaded, after his pigs.

"Carl, Carl!" called a voice from the ground.

"Where are you?" asked Carl.

"Here, under the stone, under the —"

"Speak a little louder, will you?" said Carl. "I can't hear what you say."

"Here I am then," said the voice, "almost crushed beneath the stone just beside your right foot. Will you not stoop down and lift the stone and save me?"

"Can't you just wait till I have passed the cavern, and then I'll come back to you?"

"And in the meantime I shall be crushed to death," answered the worm.

Carl stooped down and lifted the stone from the back of the half-dead worm.

"I thank you, Carl," said the worm. "Now go and look after your pigs."

"But they are all gone into the enchanted cavern; and, once in there, it's not a bit likely they'll ever come out again," said Carl; "but I'll go to the town at any rate and see whether the king has come."

"What do you want here, Carl," asked the porter at the gate of the city.

"I came to sell my pigs."

"Where are they?"

"I do not know. I've lost them," said Carl.

"Then come down with me to the market place."

He led Carl to the market place where a throne was standing empty. In front of the throne stood the old man who had spoken to Carl in the morning; and beside him Carl saw the donkey, the rabbit, the beggar, the worm, and an army of soldiers.

"Carl," said the old man, "where have you been to-day?"

"Through the woods," answered Carl.

"What have you been doing there?"

"Indeed I hardly know."

"Carl helped me with my load of vegetables," said the donkey.

"Carl fed me with his own dinner," said the rabbit.

"Carl gave me his cap and shoes," said the beggar.

"Carl saved me from being crushed," said the worm.

"And who are these?" asked Carl, turning to the soldiers.

"We are your pigs, Carl," they answered.

"Soldiers, what do you think of Carl?" asked the old man.

"Carl is king," they all shouted.

"And I never knew it," said Carl.

— Abridged from *Little Wanderlin*, by A. and E. Keary.[1]

If any of these words below are new to you, find out what they mean. Does this help you to understand the story?

despair unreasonable ridiculous unwholesome

[1] Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, Ltd., London, publishers.

51. LEARNING TO READ ARITHMETIC EXAMPLES

Make a list of the important words in each problem which you must know to solve it. Put these on a sheet of paper after the number of the example. Then indicate by the signs $+$, $-$, $\times$, $\div$ what you need to do to find the answer.

1. Find the sum of 24, 36, and 42.

2. Find the difference between \$3.24 and \$6.59.

3. A boy lives one-half mile from school. He walks to school in the morning, returns for lunch, goes again in the afternoon, and walks home at night. How far does he walk in all?

4. If one school desk costs \$7, how much will all the desks in your classroom cost?

5. What will be the cost of milk for the month of January if the family buys 2 quarts each day at 10 cents a quart?

6. How many days do you go to school in a year if the school lasts 37 weeks and there are three holidays taken out?

7. Coal costs \$10 each month and rent \$40 each month. How much do both together cost each month? How much do they cost in six months?

8. John paid \$3.00 for a dog and \$1.50 for a license for it. Later he sold the dog for \$5.00. How much more did he get than it cost him?

52. A HOMELY FRIEND

Probably many of you who have been in the country and kept your eyes open have seen a toad. This selection will tell you why it is called a homely friend. Possibly your father or mother, or an older brother or sister, does not know some of the interesting facts about its life. Wouldn't you like to be able to tell them something about the toad?

This selection will tell you —

1. Why the toad is so homely.
2. Why it is our friend.

A BOY was helping his Aunt Hannah prepare her flower beds. They were both down on their knees planting seeds, and crumbling up the clods with their hands, to cover the seeds with fine soil. Aunt Hannah got hold of a clod that was soft but would not crumble as she rolled it in her hand. "What a funny clod," she said. "Oh it's a toad!" and she let it drop in a hurry. Of course the boy laughed, and Aunt Hannah, after making a wry face and saying an "Ugh" or two, laughed too. The poor toad wasn't hurt very much and hopped under a plant and snuggled down among the clods. As he looked just like a clod again, he thought he had hidden himself once more.

Aunt Hannah did not try to drive the old toad away. She was very glad to have it stay, even if it were so ugly that she did not like to touch it, for the good old

toad was a great help to her flower beds. She had had a great trouble with insects and slugs eating her plants as soon as they came up. But after the toad came it caught hundreds of the insects and slugs, and this gave the plants a chance to grow. Indeed she thought so much of it that you could hardly buy it from her. But you might think, why is such a good fellow so very ugly? Well, there is a very good reason for the toad's being ugly.

You see it is such a harmless animal, it couldn't take care of itself by fighting as some animals do. It has no sharp teeth to bite with nor sharp claws to scratch with. So almost any animal can whip it in a fight. Then it cannot run fast so as to get away from trouble. But if you look at it carefully, you see its body is dark mud-color, with dirty-looking blotches, and the skin is rough with warts. This makes it look like a lump of dirt. Thus, when it sits low down and very still among clods or on rough ground, you would have to look closely or you would not see it at all. When hawks, cats, dogs, and other animals are hunting for food, they are likely to miss seeing the toad. Then it hardly ever comes out of its hiding place till it begins to get dark, and that makes it still harder to be seen. A very curious thing further helps it hide itself. It has a strange way of changing its color a little, so that it may get a lighter gray on light colored ground or a darker brown on darker ground. Then there is another thing

that helps guard it against some of its enemies. When an animal touches it, a liquid comes out of its skin that is very bad to taste and is somewhat poisonous, so that if a dog or other animal picks it up with its mouth, it is glad to drop it and not to try again. So you see this quiet, helpless, ugly, slow toad is taken care of by nature.

But it is not altogether ugly, for it has beautiful eyes. They are bright yellow and gleam from its homely head.

While the good old toad cannot harm children and animals, even if they are no bigger than itself, it is a hobgoblin to insects, worms, and slugs. Here is where its ugliness helps again. As it looks like an unsightly clod, the bugs and flies crawl and fly close to it thinking there is nothing around but clods. But they are greatly deceived when one of the clods turns out to be alive and snaps them up as quick as lightning.

The toad is a slow, sleepy fellow, but there is one part of it that is as quick as a flash. That is its tongue.

The children caught an old toad and put it in a box. They caught some flies and caterpillars and slugs and put them in the box with the toad. Then they put a sheet of glass over the box to keep the flies in, and watched what would happen. A slug was crawling along the side of the box and, quick as a wink it was gone. No one saw how it went away. They watched more closely. This time Bess said she saw the toad's

mouth fly open. Tom said he saw a pink flash as a fly disappeared. Well, then they watched still more closely and found that what happened was this. When a fly or caterpillar moved near the toad, its big mouth flew open and a long pink tongue shot out, caught the insect, and shot back again and the mouth snapped shut. It was all so quickly done you could not see it if you did not look very sharp.

A Toad

Then I took up the toad and opened its mouth, and there at the front part of the bottom of the mouth was the tongue drawn up in a little lump. When pulled out, it was long and slender and covered over with a sticky stuff. To catch a fly, the toad would open wide its big mouth and throw out this tongue against the fly. The sticky stuff would hold the fly fast, and the toad would jerk it back into its mouth, which closed with a snap. What a fine fly-trap! Though its body is like a clod that is not easily seen, it has a good bright eye, a big mouth, and a long sticky tongue that is as quick as lightning. Strange to say, the toad does not seem to see an insect until the insect moves. If the fly keeps perfectly still, the toad does not try to catch it, but if the fly makes the slightest move, then it is swept off in a wink.

There is another pleasing thing about the toad. It has a nice little song. Not a coarse and rough one, but one like a very soft and gentle whistle.

In countries where the winter is cold, many plants go to sleep in the fall and do not wake up until spring. Some animals also hide away for the winter sleep. The toad is one of them. It finds some hole in the ground, or digs down into the earth, and in its hiding-place sleeps till the warm spring rains come. Then it wakes up with the other winter sleepers and you can hear its gentle song. It, like everybody else, is glad when winter is over and spring has come. This song is one of the early signs that plants, insects, flowers, squirrels, and many other animals are waking up and that the grass and flowers, birds, butterflies, and bees will all soon be busy again.

The toad is generally quiet the rest of the year. But you can make it sing a little song if you stroke it gently with your finger in just the right way.

The toad is a great friend to the gardener, because it catches such great numbers of insects, caterpillars, slugs, and worms. People who understand this, are very careful that no harm comes to the toads. They may even go to lots of trouble to get toads for their gardens.

— From *Interesting Neighbors*, by Oliver P. Jenkins.[1]

[1] Reprinted by permission of P. Blakiston's Son and Company.

53. THE MAGIC HOUSE

This is another story about one of the interesting things in the world about us. Doubtless you have some friend who would like to know about the gallfly and her wonderful house.

After you have read the selection, select the facts that you think would be most important and most interesting for your friend to hear.

SOMETIMES people have a hard time getting a house to live in. They search all over town only to find that the houses are occupied by somebody else, so they have to build one for themselves. They get boards, bricks, nails, mortar, stones, iron, pipes, wires, and many other things together. Then they have to get men with hammers and saws, spades and trowels to hammer and pound and saw and dig and work hard for many weeks to build the house. And then they must find painters to paint it and finish it so that it will look well. That is a lot of trouble and bother.

But there is one little animal that can build her house by what looks just like magic. This is the gallfly. There are many kinds of gallflies which can do this, but this story is about one that builds her house on the white oak tree.

She lays eggs, from which the baby gallflies are hatched, and this is the way she goes about it.

She alights on the white oak in the spring time and

searches over the branches until she finds a new bud that is just about to grow into a new branch. She lays her eggs in the bud, and gives them some kind of charm, so that just when the babies hatch out and begin to grow, they use the charm on the bud. This, then, instead of growing into a twig or branch, grows like magic into a ball-shaped house which covers over the gallfly babies. So down deep in this new house, in tiny round rooms, the gallfly babies live and feed and grow. At first the gallfly babies are little white things called grubs or larvæ. Their ball-shaped house we call an oak gall. The food of the babies is the juice of the oak tree, which is called sap and which comes from the twig of the oak tree into the oak gall and seeps to them through the walls of their tiny rooms. Thus you see that they not only find the house all furnished for them, but also that their food is brought right to their rooms. The oak sap is the same to them as milk is to human babies.

The outside of the gall is hard and smooth and keeps most of the bad things away from the little fellows. Each little grub eats the food that comes to it, and gets fat. Its little white fat body would be fine food for other little animals if they could get at it.

Now there is a little lizard which hunts around for just such food. To the gallfly baby he is a real hobgoblin. I think he is the one the gallfly mother means when she says, "The goblins will get you if you don't

watch out." But when the lizard comes up to the gall house, he finds it so hard and smooth that he cannot bite into it or do a thing to it, so the goblin has to go away and get his dinner somewhere else.

And there are the birds. Now the birds that alight on the oak trees are very nice-looking animals. They dress in fine feathers and keep themselves neat and clean. Some twitter very sweetly; others sing beautifully, and no doubt all of them think themselves very lovely! But let me tell you that some of them hunt up and down the limbs of the trees for little insects and their babies, and whenever they catch them, gobble them right down, just as you would a chocolate drop or a marshmallow. They think a nice little white grub is about the tastiest thing there is. But when a bird comes to a gall house, no matter how badly he wants the gallfly baby, he can't touch it. The gall house is too hard for him to peck into and he might as well try to scratch into a rock as to scratch the gallfly out of it. While this spry little bird thinks he is pretty smart, he is not smart enough to get ahead of the gallfly.

Then there is another animal that must look to the little gallfly like a terrible griffin. It is the tree frog. She sneaks around the leaves and bark of the tree ready to snap up with her big mouth any poor insect that is not on the lookout. But when the tree frog hops and crawls about amongst the branches and leaves and comes upon the gall house, she crawls all over it but

can't find a window or a chimney to sneak in. She stares at it with her big eyes as much as to say, "What do you think of that?" But she has to pass on and make her supper on insects which have no houses.

When there comes a heavy rain storm which soaks the trees and ground and everything through and through, the water runs right off the gall house and does not touch the gall babies. There they lie tucked up nice and dry and as snug as a bug in a rug, or snugger.

And when the wind blows, it only swings the house up and down and does not hurt anything. No doubt the gallfly mother could have been the first to sing: "Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top, when the wind blows, the cradle will rock." The gallfly baby's cradle grows so tightly to the tree branch that it does not fall except, of course, when the bough breaks.

Now do you not think that the gallfly people are like fairies, since the tiny gallfly baby, when it is first hatched out of the tiny egg, can, by touching the leaf bud with something, make it grow up to be what, to it, is a very large and well-furnished house, with just the right kind of food for it?

Though the gallfly egg and later the baby is well cared for by the house and food, prepared as if by magic, still it has trouble sometimes. There are some other insects which will harm it if they get a chance. As they have no home of their own, they manage to pierce

a small hole in the gall while it is tender and still very small, and lay their eggs in it too. When these eggs are hatched, these robber grubs steal the gall-baby's food and, sad to say, sometimes eat the gall-baby too.

When the gallfly babies, called larvæ, eat enough and grow big enough, they change into the form of the mother gallfly and have wings. They have good strong mouths and gnaw their way out of the house through little round holes. They then fly away and lay eggs on other oak buds, and these will grow up into other gall houses. There are many kinds of gallflies and each makes its own kind of gall. The kind I have been telling you about is the largest kind and for that reason is called the giant oak gall. Sometimes these galls are called oak apples because they look like apples.

Gallflies make galls on other sorts of trees and plants and sometimes they make them on the leaves or on the roots instead of on the twigs or branches.

If you wish to gather galls and watch the gallflies come out, the best time is, of course, in the spring and summer when the gallflies are laying their eggs and the galls are growing. They grow through the summer, but most of them come out in the fall.

You can cut open some of the fresh galls and find the live grubs, and in the full grown galls, you can find live flies.

— From *Interesting Neighbors*, by Oliver P. Jenkins.[1]

[1] Reprinted by permission of P. Blakiston's Son and Company.

54. A JUST REWARD

We often need to read a selection rapidly, but we should never read so fast that we do not make an effort to get the meaning. Read this selection, therefore, rapidly but well.

Do not begin until you are told to do so by your teacher.

KING PHILIP was the man who first conquered all the states of ancient Greece and brought them together into one kingdom. He was a famous general.

One day a soldier asked a favor of the king. The man had served in the army many years. While he was on a voyage with other soldiers, the ship was wrecked in a storm, and he was badly hurt. When he was well again, he had made his way back to the army. He asked the king to give him a farm on the seashore.

The king was glad to reward the soldier. But first he asked if anybody was living on the farm.

"Yes," said the soldier; "it belongs to a selfish old farmer who has never fought for his country."

"All right," said the king. "You have fought bravely in many battles. You may have the farm. Go and take it."

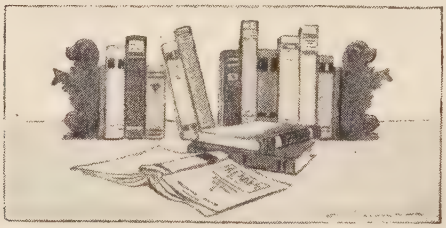
In a few days the old farmer came to the king and told his story.

"After the great storm, I found a soldier nearly dead on the shore of my farm. I took pity on him, and

carried him to my house. My wife and I fed and cared for him until he was well again. He said he would always be grateful to us. And now he has driven us out of our home. We pray for justice."

King Philip could hardly believe the farmer's tale. He sent for the soldier, but when the soldier had come, he hung his head in shame. The king was very angry that one of his trusted soldiers should have been so mean. The farm was given back to the kind-hearted old man, and the soldier was disgraced and punished by having these words burned in his forehead:

The Ungrateful Guest



55. DUCK ON A ROCK

This is an outdoor game which children play everywhere. It is not so easy to learn or to play as the others in this book. You will need to read the rules carefully, and to refer to them whenever you disagree.

EACH player has a small stone, called a "duck." A larger stone is chosen for a goal. Then a line is drawn about twenty feet from the goal for a firing line.

All the players throw their "ducks" at the goal from the firing line. The one whose "duck" is farthest from the goal becomes the first guard. He places his "duck" on the stone, and stands guard over it.

The other players then take turns trying to knock his "duck" off the stone by throwing their "ducks." After his throw, each player tries to get his "duck" and run back to the firing line. If he is tagged by the guard before he gets back, he must stand guard. He may be tagged at any time he is within the line unless he stands with his foot on his "duck." If he once picks it up, he must not put it down again.

If the guard's "duck" is knocked off, he must not tag any one until he has replaced it.

Any player tagged by the guard must put his own "duck" on the rock and act as guard. The guard who tagged him must get his own "duck" and run back so as not to be tagged by the new guard.

56. A VISIT TO THE PHILIPPINES

A little American girl went with her parents to see the Philippine Islands. These islands, as you may know, are a long way off. First you must reach our own western coast, and then take a long voyage on a steamship. All this was very interesting to her, but when she reached Manila, the largest city of the Philippines, her pleasure was still greater.

This story is about what she saw and is written in her own words. She saw things which, though quite natural for the people who lived there, were strange to her. See how many new things you can find in her story, and be ready to ask questions about the things that interest you.

AS soon as we had landed at Manila, a tiny pony, pulling a little two-wheeled cart, was driven up to where we stood.

"He seems to want us to get into his carriage," said father.

"But how can that little bit of a horse pull us all?" I asked.

"Look. The street is full of little ponies pulling big loads," said father. "These horses don't seem to know they are little. It is evidently the style to be small. Let us see what this pony can do for us."

We climbed into the carriage and were whirled away by the little horse. Its tiny feet clattered along so fast that we seemed to go as fast as a large horse could

have taken us. And what strange sights we began to see! The river, the boats, the houses, the trees, the animals, the people, were all so different from the things at home that we had to nudge each other and say: "Oh, look! How queer! How funny!"

The people themselves were the strangest. "What a pretty brown their skin is!" I said.

"I never saw men wear lace coats before," said mother. "See that old man across the street."

"He hasn't anything on under his lace coat," I said, "and his brown skin shows right through."

"The wind can blow through, too," said mother. "What a comfortable way to dress, for, oh, isn't it hot in Manila?"

"See that little brown baby sitting on her mother's hip," father said next. The mother's black hair was streaming down her back, and on her head she carried a market basket. The baby, dressed only in a little shirt, was holding on safely with his arm and legs.

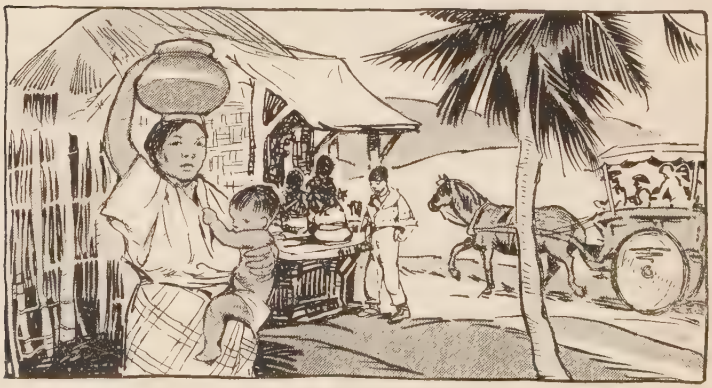
Right across the busiest street, men were driving huge creatures with enormous horns. Father said that these were called water buffaloes and that they did a great deal of work for the Filipinos.

The trees and brilliant flowers amazed us, too. We kept saying as we looked at the trees, "Oh, how green, how wonderfully green!" Our trees at home are green, of course; but the trees in the Philippines are greener than ours even in June.

I was delighted with the pretty bamboo trees with their slender jointed stems that grew sometimes sixty feet high and in clumps. "They look like green ostrich feathers," I said.

"Do you know," said father, "that the bamboo trees are as wonderful as they are pretty? The Filipinos use the wood to make almost anything they need, from houses to mats and hats, and even guns. By scooping out the inside, they get ready-made tubes of almost any length they need. They use these tubes for all sorts of things — poles, organ pipes, water pipes, cooking utensils, pails, flutes, guns, and a hundred other things. They even use the young bamboo sprouts for food. These sprouts are said to be delicious. Perhaps we shall have some to-day."

"It certainly is a wonderful tree," I said, "but how can the people make mats and hats of its wood?"



In the Philippines

"They split the stems into strands for weaving. They use the coarse strands for the mats and the finer ones for the hats. The hats made in one of the towns are light as feathers and fine as silk. You and mother must each have one."

Perhaps the strangest thing about the bamboo is that it is not a tree at all but a kind of giant grass. Just think of grass growing sixty feet high!

Another strange thing I noticed in Manila was the way the walls of the houses could slide open.

"They don't have windows like ours at home, do they, father?" I asked.

"No, indeed. Such little windows as ours are not enough for people in the tropics. They need all the breeze they can get, and so they make the sides of their houses to slide open like rolling doors."

Some of the houses that we passed were so wide open that we saw almost everything that was going on in them — families sitting at their dinners, babies sleeping in their cradles, and cooks working in their kitchens. That night when mother tucked me up under my mosquito bar, but with no bedclothes over me in our queer, open room, I told her that if I should wake up in New York the next morning and find that our trip to Manila had been a strange dream, I should not be surprised at all.

— Adapted from *Barbara's Philippine Journey*, by Frances W. Burks.[1]

[1] From Burks' *Barbara's Philippine Journey*, copyright 1913 by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

57. LEARNING TO READ ARITHMETIC EXAMPLES

These examples given for careful reading are harder than those on page 156. Write on a sheet of paper the words of each sentence which are most important in getting the answer. Then show by the signs $+$, $-$, $\times$, $\div$ what you should do to find the answer.

1. John has to pay 5 cents for car fare to school and 5 cents from school. His lunch at school costs him 20 cents. How much money does he need each day?

2. If Will spends $1.50 a week for his car fare and lunch and has 50 cents left at the end of the week, how much did he have at the beginning of the week?

3. If Mary has 75 cents, how many handkerchiefs can she buy for 15 cents each?

4. William has 90 cents. He wishes to buy a top for 10 cents and stamps for 75 cents. Can he do it?

5. Dave found that his skates were too small. He looked in his bank and found one dollar, one half dollar, and two dimes. He counted it to see how much there was in all. New skates would cost $1.75. Could he buy them with what money he had?

6. Mary wants to buy materials for a layer-cake, costing $1.90. She has 90 cents and her brother gives her 45. How much must she ask her mother for?

58. THE MASON BEE

This is the story of what a teacher and his class found when they went out to measure a field. They carried lines and stakes to use in their measuring and each started about his work. But there was a surprise for the teacher. Unless you have used your eyes unusually well there will be one for you too.

Perhaps you will think this story would be interesting to tell at home? Read it, talk it over with the class. Then if you wish to tell it at home or to another class, you can practice it. It takes practice to tell a story well. If you make an outline it will help you to stick to the main points. It will help you to tell them in the right order too.

AT a school where I once taught there was one thing that all liked to do. Both teacher and pupils liked to measure a near-by field.

But from the very first day there was something which I could not explain. If I sent one of the boys to drive a stake, I would see him stop often on his way, bend down, stand up again, look about, and stoop once more. He forgot his line and his plans. Another, who was told to pick up the tools, would forget and take up a pebble instead. Still another would pick up and crumble a clod of earth between his fingers. Most of them were caught licking a bit of straw. What could it be?

I asked, and everything was explained. The pupils had known for a long time what I had not. There was

a big black bee that made clay nests on the pebbles in the field. These nests held honey and my pupils used to open them and empty the cells with a straw. The honey was strongly flavored but good to taste. I grew fond of it myself and joined the hunters, putting off the lesson until later. It was thus that I came to know the mason bee.

The bee herself is a beautiful insect with dark violet wings and a black velvet dress. We have two kinds. One mason bee builds by herself on walls or pebbles. Another builds in groups under sheds or roofs. Both use hard clay mixed with a little sand and made into a paste by stirring into it a liquid from the mouth. This forms when dry a sort of hard cement.

When man makes a wall he lays stones or bricks one above another and sticks them together with mortar. The mason bee does her work quite as well with big pieces of gravel. She chooses them carefully one by one, picks out the hardest bits, generally with corners which fit together. She holds them together with cement applied thinly. The outside of her house looks like a rough stone house. The inside must be smooth in order not to hurt the bee-baby's tender skin and is covered with a coat of pure mortar. The grub, as the bee-baby is called, will live in this house and after it has finished eating its honey, will make itself a cocoon and hang the wall of its room with silk.

When the cell is finished, the bee at once sets to work

to provide food for the grub. The flowers near by supply her with a sugary liquid and pollen. She comes to her cell with her crop full of honey and her body underneath covered with the pollen dust. She dives into her cell head first. For a few moments you see her jerk about while she empties her crop of the honey. Afterwards, she comes out of the cell, only to go in again but

Mason Bees Building Their Houses

this time backwards. The bee now brushes the lower side of her body with her two hind legs to unload the pollen. Once more she comes out and once more goes in head first. This time she is stirring the honey and pollen with her jaws for a spoon.

When the cell is half full of food, she thinks there is enough. An egg must be laid now on top of the paste and the house must be closed. This is soon done.

The cover is made of pure mortar. She builds it in from the outside to the center. Two days are enough for everything unless the weather is bad. When the first is finished a second cell is built, with its back to the first in the same way. Others follow, each with a supply of honey and an egg nicely covered with a lid of mortar.

When all the cells are finished the bee builds a thick cover over the group to protect her grub-babies from damp, heat, and cold. This cover is made of mortar, but it has small stones in it this time. The bee puts this on pellet by pellet until it is about a third of an inch thick. When it is all complete it is about the size and shape of half an orange. The cover is soon dry and nearly as hard as stone.

After a time the eggs hatch and each baby bee feasts on the honey until it is large enough to dig its way out. Then we see several brothers and sisters coming from the same house. The brothers are brick red and the sisters have the same splendid velvet black coats and dark violet wings that we saw on their mother. The sisters are the workers and one of them claims the house. The others may object, but she drives them off so that she may have the old house to raise her own family in.

— Adapted from *Insect Adventures*, by Henri Fabre.[1]

[1] Copyright 1917 by Dodd, Mead, and Company, Inc.

59. ENEMIES AND FRIENDS OF THE MASON BEE

In the first story about the mason bee you found out how well this bee can build and how well she provides for the baby bees. She does all this without any teaching, and her children and grandchildren will do so also. You might think that the bee had a very pleasant and easy time of it, with lots of honey to eat when a baby, and with no lessons to learn and no children to care for after the eggs are laid, but the bee has troubles.

Turn back to page 175 and read the first story through quickly to have in mind exactly what the mason bee does in building her house. Then read this story to see how her plans are hindered by her enemies and helped by her friends.

AFTER the mason bee puts the covering on her house and goes away, leaving her eggs to hatch and her children to grow by themselves in their snug house, a small wasp, much smaller than the bee, sometimes appears. She looks about carefully and makes up her mind to lay her eggs inside the house. Everything has been closed up most carefully, and the outside is nearly as hard as stone, but this weak little wasp has

made up her mind that her babies shall eat the honey that is inside.

Little by little she digs a hole in the hard plaster with her weak pincers. It is only large enough to let her body go through. Finally she gnaws through the lid and catches sight of the honey. She is almost worn out but she drags herself in and lays several eggs beside that of the mason bee. The honey on which they rest will feed them when they hatch.

Now the wasp must wall up the opening which she has made. She can make mortar too. Taking a little red earth, she mixes it up into little pellets and fills up the hole. When we see this red spot on the mason bee's house, we know that the wasp has been there.

The poor bee-baby will starve to death. The wasp's eggs will hatch first, and the grubs of the wasp will eat up all the food.

Sometimes when a mason bee has stayed too long from home among the flowers, she finds the cell closed when she returns. Another bee has laid her eggs there and finished the building. She does not hesitate long about what to do. After looking about to make sure that there is no opening, she seems to say, "You've stolen my house; I'll steal yours." Off she goes to another bee's dwelling and patiently gnaws the mortar lid. When she has made an opening, she stands bending over the cell, her head half buried in it as if thinking. She goes away, returns undecidedly. At last she makes

up her mind. The other bees, meanwhile, pay no attention to her, not even the one who laid the egg in the cell.

She snaps up the strange egg from the surface of the honey and flings it on the rubbish heap as carelessly as if she were ridding the house of a piece of dirt. Then she adds more honey, lays her egg, and closes up the house again.

There is another kind of bee who sometimes breaks into the house and eats the grub and the honey too. The grub, you should know, is the form that the bee first takes when it hatches out of the egg. Then it is like a little worm. Afterward it spins itself a cocoon and comes out from this a bee. There are flies, too, which eat the grub, having themselves been hatched out inside the cell. It sometimes seems strange that the mason bee should live to grow up at all. You will be glad to hear of other visitors which actually help them to live. These are the beetles.

The old nests which the mason bees build in, to save themselves the trouble of making new ones, are often in a very dirty and unhealthful condition. The cells are full of dead grubs which could not, for some reason, break through their prisons. The uneaten honey has turned sour. Tattered cocoons and shreds of skin, left by the grubs, litter up the house. All these things are, of course, not pleasant to have in any house, especially in a tidy bee's.

Here the beetles come to the rescue. They enter the

empty bee's house and lay their eggs there. Their children when hatched begin to make themselves useful. Some eat up the dead bees. Others eat the honey. The bees leave them in peace as if they knew that it was the duty of the beetle children to keep their house wholesome.

After the house has fallen to pieces and is no longer of use to the bee, she leaves it and other insects come into it. The hunting-wasps use it for a storehouse, putting the spiders they have caught into it. The spiders make their homes here and weave their webs about it. So we see that the house which the mason bee built for herself so well is useful to many others, some friends and some enemies.

— Adapted from *Insect Adventures*, by Henri Fabre.[1]

WORD STUDY:

plaster pellets tattered litter wholesome

[1] Copyright, 1917, by Dodd, Mead, and Company, Inc.

60. THE BIRD LUNCH COUNTER

All of us know that many birds are with us in the summer. In the winter, however, a larger number than we sometimes think stay with us. We do not see them often, for they have to stay in the protected spots where there is food and shelter from the cold. Sometimes they lack food when the snow is on the ground. This lesson suggests a plan for feeding them.

IF you wish to know the winter birds, the way is not hard. Give them a free lunch counter.

Select a place that can be easily seen from the window. The board for the counter should be high enough to keep the birds out of reach of the cats.

It is not hard to find a lunch which the birds will enjoy. Crumbs of bread, suet, meat, hemp seed, buckwheat, oats, hay-chaff, and canary seed are some of the foods that they especially like.

It is important to begin to feed them in November and to see that food is always ready for them. The birds will then form the habit of coming to this spot, and the news of the feast will soon spread.

Woodpeckers, chickadees, bluejays, and many other birds will come to the feast and sometimes grow so tame in the course of the winter that they will take food from your hand. It is good fun to keep a list of the different birds who come, and to see how many you can find before they go back to their spring feeding grounds.

61. THE BOY WHO ASKED QUESTIONS

We often need to read a selection rapidly, but we should never read so fast that we do not make an effort to get the meaning. Read this selection, therefore, rapidly but well.

Do not begin until you are told to do so by your teacher.

A LITTLE Scotch boy sat in front of a fireplace where a bright fire was burning. His grandmother sat beside him.

"What makes the sparks go up the chimney?" he asked.

The grandmother could not answer. The boy often asked questions which she could not answer.

An iron teakettle was hanging over the fire, and the water in it now began to boil. A cloud of steam poured forth from the spout, and soon the iron cover began to jump and rattle.

"What makes the cover rattle, Grandma?" asked the boy.

"The steam makes it rattle."

"Do you mean that steam?" he asked, pointing to the cloud above the kettle.

"No, it is the steam in the kettle that is trying to come out."

The boy took off the cover and looked inside. He said, "I can't see anything but water in the kettle."

"The steam comes from the hot water," said his grandmother.

Outside the kettle the boy could see the cloud of steam coming from the spout and from the top of the kettle. He held a spoon in the steam and noticed the little drops of water that quickly gathered on it. These drops of water came from the steam, and he had no doubt that the steam had come from the water in the kettle.

"But how is a little steam strong enough to push up the heavy cover?" he asked.

His grandmother could not answer.

This boy was James Watt. He was a poor boy, and when he grew up he had to work hard for a living. But he found time to read and to study more than other men. He often wondered if the power of steam might not be made to do useful work.

This was more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when there were no railroads, no steamships, no engines to drive machinery. One kind of steam engine was in use for pumping water out of mines, but it was clumsy and did not work well. James Watt spent years of hard work, and tried one experiment after another, in making a good steam engine. After many failures, he at last succeeded. He was the inventor of the first useful steam engine — one of the greatest of all inventions.

APPENDIX

EASY EXERCISES FOR DRILL IN COMPREHENSION

A

When your teacher says to you, "Please bring me the pencil that is in your desk," it is easy for you to understand what she asks you to do. When you have learned to read, it is just as easy to follow printed directions, because printed words talk to you just as persons do.

Have you ever played the game called "Follow the Leader"? To play this game, several children form in line, and the one at the head of the line is called the leader. The leader then does a number of "stunts," one after the other; such as, hopping on one leg, folding his arms, or jumping over a chair. Those behind the leader are supposed to do exactly what he does. It is not so easy as you think, because you have to pay careful attention and be quick. Those who fail to follow the leader must drop out of line.

This game can be played in another way. Instead of doing what the leader does, each pupil reads carefully certain printed directions and does exactly what the printed words tell him to do. Several such games are given below. You will enjoy playing the game in this new way.

I

This is a game. To play it, you must do just what the words tell you.

1.

First take a pencil and a blank piece of paper from your desk.

2.

Tom's father gave him a nickel to spend. Draw on the paper a circle about the size of a nickel.

3.

If you know how many cents there are in a nickel, write in the circle only the figure that tells the number of cents in a nickel.

4.

The next day Tom's father gave him another nickel. Draw another circle below the first one, and put in it only the figure that shows how many cents this nickel equals.

5.

If Tom saves both nickels that his father gave him, write only the figure below the second circle which will tell how many cents Tom now has.

When you have done this, put your pencil in your desk, and fold your hands.

Wait quietly until your teacher tells you whether you have played the game correctly.

II

1.

Take from your desk a pencil and a piece of paper. Near the middle of the paper write your first name.

2.

Directly under your name draw a line as long as your name.

3.

If your first name is Mary, draw another line under the first one and about the same length. If that is not your name, make two lines under the first one.

4.

Now count the lines you have drawn on your paper. If you find there are three lines, write "yes" on the paper directly under the lines. If there are less than three, write "no."

You have now finished the game. Place your pencil quietly on the desk, fold your hands, and wait until your teacher tells you whether you have won. If you do not sit quietly with your hands folded, you cannot win.

III

Get ready to play this game by having on your desk a pencil and a blank piece of paper.

1.

Mary's mother sent her to the store to buy some milk. She gave her a ten-cent piece. Write on your paper the figure 10.

2.

Mary ran down the street, but when she reached the store she found that her money was gone. Draw a line through the figure 10.

3.

Mary was ashamed when she returned home without the milk. Her mother did not scold her, but gave her ten cents more. You may be sure that Mary was not careless a second time. She bought the milk and hurried home with it. Now if you think Mary's mother was cross, draw a cross on your paper; but if not, write the figure 10 again under the first one.

4.

If you think Mary had learned how to take better care of money, write the word "careful" under the figure 10.

Now read again these sentences, and see if you have done exactly what they have told you to do. Then fold your hands and wait quietly until your teacher checks your paper.

B

The sentences given below are very easy. Read them carefully, and then see if you can answer the questions given below each selection. If you cannot answer the questions at first, read the selection a second time.

1.

Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived a boy named Charles. His father was so poor that Charles had no shoes to wear to school.

1. Why had Charles no shoes?

2.

A little boy started one morning to take a long walk. His mother had sent him to carry a letter to his grandmother who lived in the next town.

1. Why was he walking to the next town?

3.

Once upon a time there was an old man, an old woman, and a little boy. One morning the old woman made a cake, and put it in the oven to bake. The little boy was so hungry that he couldn't wait for the cake to be baked.

1. Who baked the cake?
2. Why couldn't the little boy wait?

4.

A painter once lived in a little town not far from a forest. He worked hard whenever there was anything to do. He did very good work, but in spite of this he could not earn enough money to buy food for himself and his wife.

1. Was the painter lazy?
2. Why didn't he buy food for his wife?

5.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his family in a little hut close to the sea. The fisherman went out every day and fished and fished and fished.

One day he pulled up a great big fish.

"Please let me live! please let me live!" said the fish. "I am not really a fish; I am a fairy; please let me go."

1. Where did the fisherman live?
2. What did the big fish ask of the fisherman?
3. Are you told whether the fisherman let the fish go?

6.

There was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old man worked in the fields as a farmer while the old woman was busy with her work at home. They were so poor that they could save nothing at all. All their earnings went for food, and when that was gone there was nothing left.

1. Was the old woman lazy?
2. Why couldn't they save any money?

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